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this number.



THE PET.—BY JOURDAN.

We call the special attention of the public to the new feature we are introducing into the FAVORITE in the shape of a series of beautiful illustrations, destined to adorn each number. Those illustrations are produced at great expense and are wrought in the highest style of excellence. While in no way altering the

distinctive character of the journal which remains a story paper and a vehicle of light, varied and amusing reading, we add these illustrations in the confidence that they will prove agreeable to the public and add considerably to our already large and daily increasing list of subscribers.



TO NIGHT.

How oft, O Night, my upward glance
Is turned toward thy wide expanse ;
Calmness and beauty round me shine,
Yet tumult stirs this heart of mine.

Ye stars, who know my secret pain,
Nor hear, unmoved, the mournful strain ;
The coldest heart on earth must gaze
Enchanted on your beaming rays !

Yes ; you can love, and you can know
When tears from distant eyes shall flow ;
And, hidden in your mantle, bear
Those tears for me, their griefs to share !

Thou, with thy thousand eyes, canst see,
The griefs, the tears, I trust to thee ;
And thou, a as ! a useless freight,
Bear to my love the gift, O Night !

THE TALES OF BELKIN.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER SERGUEVITCH POUSHKIN.

III.—THE UNDERTAKER.

The last of the goods and chattels of the undertaker, Adrian Prohoroff, were heaped into the hearse, and a pair of lean horses dragged it along for the forth time from the Basmanaja to the Nikitskaja, for to the latter street the undertaker was removing with all his household. Having closed his old shop, he nailed a notice to the door, to the effect that the premises were to be sold or let, and started off on foot to his new abode. He was surprised to find on approaching the little yellow house, which had so long taken his fancy and which he had at last bought for a considerable sum, that he did not feel in good spirits. Having crossed the new threshold and finding his new abode in great confusion, he sighed at the recollection of the old hovel, where during eighteen years everything had been conducted with the strictest regularity, and he scolded his daughters and the maid-of-all-work for their dilatoriness, and set to, assisting them himself. Order was soon established; the sacred image-case, the dresser with the crockery, the table, sofa, and bed, occupied the corners assigned to them in the back room; in the kitchen and the sitting-room was placed the master's handiwork, which cons'ted of coffins of all sizes and colors, and the cupboards were filled with mourning cloaks and torches. Over the gate appeared a sign-board, representing a corpulent cupid holding a reversed torch, with the inscription: HERE ARE SOLD AND ORNAMENTED PLAIN AND PAINTED COFFINS ALSO LET OUT ON HIRE, AND OLD ONES REPAIRED. The girls retired to their room, and Adrian having inspected his dwelling, sat down by the window, and ordered the samovar to be got ready.

The enlightened reader is aware that both Shakespeare and Walter Scott represented their grave-diggers as cheerful and jocose persons, in order to strike our imagination more forcibly by the contrast. Out of regard to truth, however, we cannot follow their example, and are compelled to admit that the disposition of our undertaker fully corresponded with his mournful calling. Adrian Prohoroff was habitually sullen and thoughtful. His silence might occasionally be broken for the sole purpose of scolding his daughters when he chanced to find them idle, gazing out of the window at the passers-by, or asking an exorbitant price for his goods, of those who had the misfortune and sometimes also the good fortune to require them. Thus it happened that Adrian, now sipping his seventh cup of tea, was as usual sunk in melancholy reflections. He thought of the pouring rain which fell at the very outset of the retired Brigadier's funeral the previous week. Many mourning cloaks had shrunk in consequence, and many hats had been spoiled. He foresaw unavoidable expenditure, for his old stock of mourning attire had fallen into a pitiful condition. He hoped to charge a good round sum at the funeral of the merchant Truhin's old wife, who had now been nearly a year at death's door. But the old woman lay dying at Rasgoula, and Prohoroff feared lest her heirs, notwithstanding their promise, would neglect to send for him all that distance, and would come to terms with the nearest undertaker.

These meditations were unexpectedly disturbed by three freemason-like taps at the door.

"Who is there ?" asked Prohoroff.

The door opened, and a man in whom the German artisan was recognised at a glance, walked in, and cheerfully approached the undertaker.

"Pardon me, my dear neighbour," said he, in that Russian dialect which we cannot listen to without a smile. "Pardon my intruding upon you—I was anxious to make your acquaintance. I am boot-maker, my name is Gottlieb Schulz, and I live across the street, in the little house facing your windows. Tomorrow I celebrate my silver wedding, and I came to ask you and your daughters to dine with us in a friendly way."

The invitation was accepted with good will. The undertaker asked the bootmaker to sit down and take a cup of tea, and thanks to the cordial disposition of Gottlieb Schulz, their conversation soon became friendly.

"How does your trade prosper?" asked Adrian.

"Ah—he—he!" answered Schulz, "so, so, I cannot complain, although my goods are of course different from yours: a live man can do

without boots, but a dead man cannot do without a coffin."

"Very true," remarked Adrian; "however, if the live man has not got wherewith to pay for his boots, one cannot take it amiss in him if he goes barefooted, but a dead beggar has a coffin gratis."

In this manner they conversed for some time. At last the bootmaker rose, and taking leave of the undertaker, renewed his invitation.

The next day at twelve o'clock precisely, the undertaker and his daughters passed through the wicket of the newly bought house on their way to neighbor Schulz. I shall not describe either the Russian *caftan** of Adrian Prohoroff, or the European attire of Akulina and Darla, departing in this respect from the now so prevalent custom among novelists. I do not however, consider it superfluous to remark, that both young ladies wore yellow bonnets and red shoes; this they did only on grand occasions.

The small dwelling of the bootmaker was filled with guests, who chiefly consisted of German artisans, their wives, and their workmen; of Russian *employés* there was but one, the Estonian, Yoorko the watchman, who had, in spite of his lowly calling, managed to secure the special good-will of his host. He had served in this capacity for five-and-twenty years, faithfully and honestly, like the postman † of Pogarsky. The fire of 1812, which destroyed the chief capital, annihilated also his yellow watchbox. But as soon as the enemy was expelled, a new one appeared in its stead; it was grey, with small white Doric pillars, and Yoorko in grey cloth armour and axe † was again seen pacing before it. Almost all the Germans who lived in the vicinity of the Nikitsky gates knew him, and some had even chanced to spend the night of Sunday to Monday morning under his roof. Adrian hastened to make his acquaintance as he would that of a man of whom he might stand in need, sooner or later, and when the guests took their seats at dinner, they sat next to each other. Monsieur and Madame Schulz and their daughter Lotchen, who had seen but seventeen summers, whilst dining with and entertaining their guests, assisted the cook to wait upon them. Beer flowed. Yoorko ate for four; Adrian did not cede to him; his daughters, however, stood on ceremony. The conversation kept up in the German language, was becoming louder and louder. Suddenly the host begged for a few moments' attention, and drawing the cork of a sealed bottle, exclaimed in a loud voice, in Russian: "The health of my good Louisa!" The so-called champagne sparkled. The host tenderly kissed the fresh face of his forty-year-old helpmate, and the guests drank noisily to the health of the good Louisa. "The health of my amiable guest?" exclaimed the host, opening a second bottle. And his guests thanked him, and again drained their glasses. Here toast followed upon toast; the health of each guest was drunk separately; they toasted Moscow and an entire dozen of little German towns, all corporations in general, and each one in particular; they drank to masters, and they drank to foremen. Adrian drank sedulously, and was so elated that he himself proposed some jocular toast. Suddenly, one of the guests, a fat baker, raised his glass, and exclaimed: "To the health of those we work for *unserer Rundlute!*" This proposal, like all the others, was joyously and unanimously applauded. The guests saluted each other, the tailor bowed to the bootmaker, the bootmaker to the tailor, the baker to both; all to the baker, and so on. Yoorko, in the midst of these mutual salutations, exclaimed, turning to his neighbour:—

"What, now ? drink, sir, to the health of thy dead ones."

All laughed, but the undertaker considering himself affronted became sullen. Nobody noticed him; the party continued its carouse, and the bells had already rung for vespers when all rose from table.

The guests dispersed at a late hour, and most of them were elevated. The fat baker and the bookbinder, whose face appeared as if bound in red morocco, led Yoorko between them to his box, carrying out in this case the Russian proverb: A debt is rendered honorable by payment. The undertaker returned home tipsy and wrathful. "Why, indeed," reasoned he aloud: "why is my craft worse than any other? Is an undertaker, then, brother to an executioner? What had the heathens to laugh at? Is an undertaker a Christmas harlequin? I meant to have asked them to a house-warming, to have given them a feast; but let them wait till they get it. And I shall now invite instead those for whom I work, my orthodox dead."

"What, sir?" said the maid, who was pulling off his boots, "what dost thou talk about? Make the sign of the cross! To ask the dead to a house-warming! What horror!"

"By— I shall ask them," continued Adrian; "I shall ask them at once, for to-morrow. Pray come, my benefactors, come to feast with me to-morrow evening; I shall entertain you with what God has given me." So saying, the undertaker tumbled into bed, and soon began to snore.

It was still dark when Adrian was roused. The merchant Truhin's wife had died that very night, and a special messenger had been sent on horseback with this intelligence. The undertaker gave him a ten-copec piece for a *vodka*, dressed in haste, took a *droshky*, and drove to Rasgoula. The police were already

* A long coat worn by the lower classes.—TR.
† In "Grandmother's Cat."—TR.
‡ Ismaloff's fables.—TR.
|| A glass of spirits.

stationed at the gates of the house where lay the defunct; tradespeople were going in and out, like ravens at their prey. The corpse lay on a table, yellow as wax, but not yet disfigured by decomposition. Relations, neighbors, and friends crowded around. All the windows stood open; candles were burning; priests were reading prayers. Adrian went up to Truhin's nephew, a young merchant in a fashionable coat, assured him that the coffin, candles, pall, and other funeral furniture, would be delivered with all punctuality and without fail. The heir thanked him absently, saying that he would not bargain about the expense, but should trust implicitly to his conscience. The undertaker, as usual, swore that he would not overcharge; exchanged a significant glance with his workmen, and started off to make the necessary arrangements. The whole day was spent driving to and fro between Rasgoula and the Nikitsky gates; towards evening, all being arranged, he settled with his driver, and returned homewards on foot. It was a moonlight night. The undertaker had safely reached the Nikitsky gates. At the Church of the Ascension, our friend Yoorko hailed him, and on recognising the undertaker wished him good-night. It was getting late. The undertaker was approaching his house, when he suddenly fancied he saw one nearing it, open the wicket, pass through, and disappear. "What can this mean?" thought Adrian: "Who is it wants me again? Can it be a thief? Do lovers perhaps visit my silly girls? It bodes evil!"

And the undertaker was on the point of calling his friend Yoorko to come to his aid. Just then some other person approached the wicket and was about to enter, but, on becoming aware that Adrian was nearing hurriedly, this person stopped, and raised his cocked hat; Adrian fancied he knew the face, but was not, in his haste, able to examine it closely. "You were coming to me," said Adrian, breathlessly; "do me the favor to step in."

"No ceremonies, friend," said the stranger, in a hollow voice; "walk on, show thy guests the way!"

There was no time to stand on ceremony. The wicket stood open, Adrian went up the staircase, the person following him. Adrian fancied that people were walking about his rooms. "What devilry is this!" thought he, and hurried in—but here his legs gave way. The room was full of dead people. The moon shining through the windows, lit up their yellow and blue faces, sunken mouths, dull half-closed eyes and thin protruding noses. Adrian recognised in them, with dread, people who had been buried with his aid; and in the guest whom he had preceded, the Brigadier who had been interred during the pouring rain. All the women and men assembled, surrounded the undertaker, bowing, and greeting him; all except one poor fellow, who had quite recently been buried gratis, and who, shy and ashamed of his tatters, did not venture to come forward, but stood retired in a corner. The rest were respectably dressed: the women wore caps with ribbons; those men who had served the State, were in uniform, but their faces were unshaven; merchants wore their holiday *caftans*. "Seest thou, Prohoroff," said the Brigadier, in the name of his select company, "how we have all risen at thy invitation. Those alone have remained at home who could not possibly come, who had quite crumbled to pieces, or who had no skin, but only their bare bones left; but even thus, one of them could not rest—so anxious was he to see thee!"

At that moment a small skeleton pushed his way through the crowd, and approached Adrian. His skull smiled affectionately at the undertaker. Bits of light green and red cloth, and of old linen, hung here and there about him, as upon a pole, whilst the bones of his feet rattled in his Hessian boots, like a pestle in a mortar. "Thou dost not recognise me, Prohoroff," said the skeleton. "Dost thou remember the retired sergeant of the Guards, Piotr Petrovitch Kurilkin, the same for whom thou soldest thy first coffin, in the year 1799—and one of pine too, for one of oak!" So saying, the corpse extended his bony arms towards him; but Adrian, mustering all his strength, cried out, and pushed him from him. Piotr Petrovitch tottered, fell, and went to pieces.

A murmur of indignation was heard amongst the dead; they stood up for the honor of their fellow, threatening and upbraiding Adrian; the poor host, deafened by their cries, and almost pressed to death, losing his presence of mind, fell across the bones of the retired sergeant of the Guards, and remained unconscious.

The sun-light had long been streaming across the bed on which the undertaker was sleeping. At last he opened his eyes, and saw before him the maid, blowing at the charcoal of the *samovar*. Adrian remembered with dread all the events of the preceding day: Truhin, the Brigadier, and the Sergeant appeared dimly before him. He was silently expecting the girl to begin the conversation, and to relate to him the results of the night's adventures.

"How thou hast overslept thyself, Adrian Prohorovitch, sir," said Aksinia, handing him his dressing-gown. "They neighbors, the tailor and the watchman, came to thee with the announcement that it was the Saint's-day of the Commissary of Police, but thou wast pleased to sleep, and we did not like to awake thee."

"And did they come to me from the late Madame Truhin?"

"Late? Is she then dead?"

"Fool that thou art! didst not thou thyself help me to arrange things for her funeral?"

"Hast thou lost thy senses, sir? or have the fumes of last night's drink not passed off yet? What funeral was there yesterday? Thou didst

feast at the German's all day, and coming home tipsy, didst throw thyself on thy bed, and didst sleep until this very hour, when the bells have already rung for mass."

"Indeed!" said the rejoiced undertaker.

"Of course," answered Aksinia.

"Well, if that is the case, let us have the *samovar* quickly, and call my daughters."

IV.

THE STATION-MASTER.

Is there anybody who has not cursed the station-masters, who has not abused them? Is there anybody who has not demanded of them the fatal book in an angry moment, so as to enter therein the unavailing complaint against delays, incivility, and inexactitude? Is there anybody who does not look upon them as being the scum of the human race, like the late Government Clerks,* or at the least like the Muromsky brigands? Let us, however, be just; let us realise the position, and perhaps we shall judge them with some leniency. What is a station-master? The veritable martyr of the fourteenth class, whose rank serves only to save him from blows, and not so even at all times. (I appeal to the conscience of my readers.) What is the duty of those dictators, as Prince Viazemsky humorously styles them? Is it not in truth hard labor? No rest day or night. It is him the traveller assails irritated by the accumulated vexations of a tiresome journey. Is the weather atrocious; are the roads in a bad state; is the driver dogged; do the horses refuse to go? The fault is surely the station-master's. On entering his poor dwelling, the wayfaring looks upon him as he would upon a foe; the station-master may consider himself fortunate if he succeeds in ridding himself of his uninvited guest; but should there be no horses? Heavens! what abuse, what threats! He is about in the rain and sleet, and takes refuge in the lobby in storms, and during the Epiphany frosts, to escape, were it but for a moment, the complaints and assaults of the irritated travellers. A general arrives: the trembling station-master gives him his two last *troikas*,† including the courier's. The general is off, without uttering so much as "Thank you." Five minutes later—bells!—and a state messenger throws his order for horses on the table! Let us examine these matters closely, and our hearts will commiserate, rather than fill with indignation. A few words more. In the course of twenty years, I have travelled through Russia in all directions; I know almost all the post-roads, and I am acquainted with several generations of drivers: there are few station-masters unknown to me by sight, and few with whom I have not had some intercourse. I hope to publish at no distant period some interesting notes made during my travels; I shall here merely, observe that the station-masters as a class are most falsely represented. These much calumniated station-masters are in a general way quiet people, naturally obliging, sociably inclined, unassuming, and not over money-loving. From their conversation (which travellers do wrong to scorn) one may learn much that is interesting and instructive. I must own, that so far as I myself am concerned, I much prefer it to the tall talk of some *employé* of the sixth class, travelling on the service of the Crown.

It will be easily guessed that I have some friends amongst this respectable class of men. Indeed, the memory of one of them is precious to me. Circumstances had once brought us together, and it is of him I now intend to speak to my kind readers.

In May, 1816, I happened to be travelling through the government of * * *, on a road which is now in disuse. My rank was insignificant; I changed carriages at every stage, paying post-rates for two horses. Consequently the station-masters did not treat me with any distinction, and I often had to obtain by force what should have been mine by right. Young and impetuous, I used to vent my indignation on the station-masters for their meanness and obsequiousness, when the *troika* to which I had a right was given up for the carriage of some person of high rank. Equally did it take me time to get accustomed to being passed over by a discriminating serf at the Governor's dinner-table. To-day, both these circumstances appear to me to be in the order of things. Indeed, what would become of us, if the one very convenient maxim, Rank honors rank, were superseded by this other, Intellect honors intellect? What differences of opinion would arise; and who would dependents wait upon first? But to return to my tale.

The day was hot. A few drops of rain fell at three versts from the station, but it soon began to pour, and I got wet through. On arrival, my first care was to change my clothes as quickly as possible, my second to order tea.

"Here, Dunia!" shouted the station-master; "get the *samovar* ready, and run and fetch some cream."

At these words, a girl of about fourteen appeared from behind the partition, and ran into the lobby. I was struck by her beauty.

"Is that thy daughter?" asked I of the station-master.

"Yes, it is," answered he, with an air of satis-

* An allusion to the corrupt nature of those ill-paid *employés*.—TR.

† Murom, a territory now included in the government of Vladimir, where robbers formerly infested its woods.—TR.

‡ Of three horses.

filled pride; "she is so sensible and so quick, and quite takes after her poor mother."

Here he began to copy my order for horses, whilst I amused myself looking at the prints which ornamented the walls of his humble but neat chamber. They represented the story of the Prodigal Son: in the first, a venerable old man, in a night-cap and dressing-gown, parts with the restless youth, who hastily accepts his blessing and bag of money. In the next, the dissipated conduct of the young man is portrayed in glaring colors: he is sitting at a table, surrounded by false friends and shameless women. Farther on, the ruined youth, in a tattered shirt and cocked-hat, is seen feeding swine and sharing their meal; his face expresses deep sorrow and repentance. His return to his father is last represented: the good old man, in the very same night-cap and dressing-gown, rushes to meet him; the prodigal son is on his knees; in the background, the cook is slaying the fatted calf, and the elder brother is inquiring of the servants the reason for so much rejoicing. Under each of these pictures, I read appropriate verses in German. All this has remained impressed on my memory, as have also the pots of balsam, the bed with colored curtains, and the other objects which then surrounded me. I fancy I still see the host himself, a fresh and good-natured looking man of about fifty, wearing a long green coat, with three medals suspended by faded ribbons.

I had scarcely settled with my old driver, when Dunia returned with the samovar. The little coquette had at a second glance noticed the impression she had made on me; she dropped her large blue eyes; I entered into conversation with her; she answered without the slightest timidity, like a girl accustomed to the ways of the world. I offered a glass of punch to her father, gave Dunia a cup of tea, and we three conversed as if we had always known each other.

The horses had long been ready, but I was unwilling to part from the station-master and his little daughter. At last I bade them "good-bye;" the father wished me a prosperous journey, and the daughter accompanied me to the carriage. I stopped in the lobby and asked leave to kiss her: Dunia consented. I can remember having given many kisses "since I first took to that occupation," but none have left such lasting, such pleasant recollections.

Several years passed by, and circumstances led me to the same places by the same roads. I remembered the old station-master's daughter, and rejoiced at the prospect of seeing her again. "But," thought I, "the old station-master has perhaps been removed; Dunia is probably married." The possibility of the death of the one or of the other also crossed my mind, and I neared the station of *** with melancholy apprehensions. The horses stopped at the little post-house. On entering the room, I at once recognised the pictures representing the history of the Prodigal Son; the table and bed stood in their old places, but there were now no flowers on the sills, and every thing showed symptoms of decay and neglect. The station-master was sleeping under his sheepskin coat; my arrival awoke him; he raised himself. It was Sampson Virin, indeed; but how he had aged! Whilst he was arranging the papers to copy my order for horses, I looked at his grey hairs, at the deep wrinkles on his long-unshaven face, on his bent form, and could not help wondering how it was possible that three or four years had changed him, hale as he used to be, into a feeble old man.

"Dost thou recognise me?" asked I; "we are old friends."

"May be," answered he, gruffly; "this is the high road, many travellers have halted here."

"Is thy Dunia well?" I continued.

The old man frowned. "God knows," answered he.

"Then she is married, I suppose," said I.

The old man feigned not to hear me, and continued reading my padarojnaya (*) in a whisper. I ceased interrogating him, and asked for some tea. A feeling of curiosity disquieted me, and I was hoping that some punch would loosen the tongue of my old acquaintance.

I was not mistaken; the old man did not refuse the proffered glass. I observed that the rum was dispelling his moroseness. He became talkative at the second glass, remembered, or pretended to remember me, and I learned from him the story, which at that time interested and touched me deeply.

"And so you knew my Dunia?" he began. "Who did not know her? Oh! Dunia, Dunia! what a girl she was. All who came here praised her; never a word of complaint. Ladies used to give her now a neckerchief, then a pair of earrings. Travellers would stop purposely, as it were, to dine or to sup; but, in truth only to look at my Dunia a little longer. The gentlemen, however choleric, would calm down in her presence and talk kindly to me. Will you believe it sir? couriers, state messengers, used to converse with her for half an hour at a time. She kept the house; she cleaned up, she got things ready, she used to find time for everything. And I, old fool that I am, could not admire her sufficiently, could not appreciate her enough! Did not I love my Dunia? did not I pet my child? Was not her life happiness itself? But no, one cannot flee misfortunes; what is ordained must come to pass." Here he recounted his troubles in detail. Three years had passed since one winter evening, whilst the station-master was ruling out a new book, and his daughter was working at a new dress behind the partition, a troika pulled up, and a traveller, wearing a Cl-

cassian cap and military cloak, and wrapped in a shawl, entered the room, calling for horses. All the relays were out. At this piece of intelligence, the traveller was about to raise his voice and his stick, but Dunia, accustomed to such scenes, ran out, and softly addressing the stranger, asked him whether he would be pleased to take some refreshment? Dunia's appearance produced its usual effect. The traveller's anger passed off; he consented to wait for the horses, and ordered supper. Upon taking off his we-rough cap, undoing his shawl and throwing off his cloak, the traveller turned out to be a slight young Hussar, with a small black moustache. He made himself at home, and conversed gaily with the station-master and his daughter. Supper was served. Horses had in the meanwhile returned, and the station-master ordered their being put to without being even baited; but on re-entering the room, he found the young man on a form, almost insensible: he had suddenly felt faint, his head ached, and he could not possibly proceed on his journey. What was to be done? The station-master gave up his bed to him, and it was decided that the doctor at S *** should be sent for, should the patient not feel better in the morning.

The next day the Hussar was worse. His servant rode off to the town for the Doctor. Dunia bound his head with a handkerchief steeped in vinegar and sat down at her work, by his bedside. In the station-master's presence, the patient groaned and scarcely spoke; but he managed nevertheless to empty two cups of coffee, and, still groaning, to order his dinner. Dunia never left him. He was constantly calling for something to drink, and Dunia would hold up a mug of lemonade, which she had herself prepared. The patient would wet his lips, and whenever he returned the mug, his feeble hand pressed Dunia's in token of gratitude. The Doctor arrived towards noon. He felt the patient's pulse, had some conversation with him in German, and declared in Russian that all he required was rest, and that in a couple of days he would be able to resume his journey. The Hussar handed him twenty-five roubles as his fee, and invited him to dinner. The doctor accepted; both ate with good appetites, they drank a bottle of wine, and parted perfectly satisfied with each other.

Another day passed, and the Hussar was quite himself again. He was exceedingly cheerful, joking incessantly, now with Dunia, then with the station-master, whistling all sorts of tunes, talking to the travellers, copying their orders for horses into the post-book, and he contrived to ingratiate himself so much with the good-natured station-master, that he felt sorry to part with his amiable host when the third morning arrived. It was a Sunday. Dunia was preparing for Mass. The Hussar's carriage drove up. He took leave of the station-master, having rewarded him liberally for his board and hospitality; he also bid Dunia good-bye, and offered to drive her as far as the church, which was situated at the very extreme of the village. Dunia looked perplexed—"What art thou afraid of?" said her father: "his Excellency is not a wolf, and will not eat thee; take a drive as far as the church." Dunia took her seat in the carriage next to the Hussar, the servant jumped into the rumble, the driver whistled, the horses were off.

The poor station-master was not able to understand how he, of his own accord, should have allowed Dunia to drive off with the Hussar; how he could have been blinded to such an extent, and what could have possessed him. Half an hour had not elapsed when his heart already ached, and he felt so much anxiety, that he could contain himself no longer, and accordingly strode off to the church. On reaching it, he saw that the people were already dispersing, but Dunia was neither within the enclosure nor yet at the porch. He hurriedly entered the church; the priest was emerging from behind the altar; the clerk was extinguishing the candles; two old women were still praying in a corner; but no Dunia was to be seen. The poor father could scarcely make up his mind to ask the clerk whether she had been at Mass. The clerk answered that she had not. The station-master returned home, neither dead or alive. One hope remained. Dunia might possibly, young, thoughtless as she was, have taken it into her head to go on to the next station, where her godmother lived. He awaited in a desperate state of agitation the return of the troika which had carried them off. No driver returned. At last towards evening he appeared, but alone and tipsy, with the killing news that Dunia had gone on with the Hussar.

This disaster was too much for the old man; he immediately took to the bed where the young deceiver had lain but the day before. And he now conjectured, after pondering over all the late circumstances, that the illness had been feigned. The poor fellow was attacked by a serious fever; he was taken into the town of S ***, and another station-master was temporarily appointed to replace him. The medical man who had seen the Hussar, attended him also. He assured him that the young man was in perfect health, and that he had, even when he visited him, a suspicion of his wicked intentions, but had observed silence for fear of his chastisement. Whether what the German, said was true, or whether he only wished to make a boast of his foresight, he did not minister any consolation to the poor sufferer. Scarcely had he recovered from his illness that the station-master at once applied to the postmaster at S *** for two month's leave of absence, and without saying a word respecting his intentions, set out on foot, in search of his daughter. He knew by his papers, that the Os-

valy Captain Minskey was going from Smolensk to St. Petersburg. The man who had driven him had said that though she appeared to go willingly, Dunia had cried the whole way. "It is just possible," thought the station master, "that I may bring home my little lost sheep." He arrived at St. Petersburg with this idea, and stopping at the Ismailovskiy Barracks put up at the quarters of a retired sub-officer, an old comrade: and commenced his search. He soon learnt that Minskey was at St. Petersburg, staying at Cemouth's Inn. The station-master decided upon going to him.

He appeared at his door early the following morning, and asked to be announced to an old soldier who wished to see his Excellency. The military servant, who was cleaning a boot on a last, declared that his master was asleep, and that he saw no one before eleven o'clock. The station-master went away and returned at the appointed hour. Minskey himself came to him, in his dressing-gown and a red smoking cap. "What is it thou wantest, my friend?" he asked. The old man's heart beat fast, tears gushed to his eyes, and he could only utter in a trembling voice: "Your Excellency!—for God's sake do me the favour!"—Minskey threw a quick glance at him, bridled up, took him by the hand, led him into his study, and closed the door. "Your Excellency!" the old man continued, "what is fallen is lost; give me back my poor Dunia. You have trifled sufficiently with her; do not ruin her uselessly." "What is done cannot be undone," said the young man in extreme confusion. "I am guilty before thee and ready to ask thy forgiveness; but do not imagine I can abandon Dunia; she will be happy, I give thee my word for it. What dost thou want her for? She loves me, she is no longer accustomed to her former mode of living. Neither of you will be able to forget the past." Here he slipped something into the old man's sleeve, opened the door, and the station-master found himself in the street, he scarcely knew how.

For a long time he stood motionless; at last he noticed a roll of paper in the cuff of his sleeve; he drew it out, and unrolled several bank-notes of the value of five and ten roubles. Tears came to his eyes again—tears of indignation! He crushed the notes, threw them from him, trampled them underfoot, and walked away.—Having proceeded a few paces, he stopped, reflected, and retraced his steps—but no bank-notes were there. A well-dressed young man on seeing him rushed up to a *droshky* into which he hastily threw himself and shouted out: "Go on!" The station-master did not follow him. He had made up his mind to return home, but he wished to see his poor Dunia once again before leaving. With this end in view he returned to Minskey two days later; but the soldier-servant roughly told him that his master received no one, and pushing him out of the hall, slammed the door in his face. The station-master waited, and still waited, and then went his way.

He was walking along the *Leleynaya* that same evening, having listened to a *Te Deum* at the Church of *Vesh Skarbiastchec*.* A smart *droshky* suddenly dashed past him, and he recognised Minskey. The *droshky* stopped at the entrance of a three-storyed house and the Hussar ran up the steps. A happy thought flashed across the station-master. He turned back, and approaching the coachman: "Whose horse is this, my friend?" asked he; "not Minskey's?"—"Yes, Minskey's," answered the coachman: "what dost thou want?"—"Why, this; thy master ordered me to take a note to his Dunia, and I have forgotten where his Dunia lives."—"It is here she lives, on the second floor. Thou art too late with thy note, my friend; he is with her himself now."—"No matter," said the station-master, with a violent beating at the heart; "thanks for directing me; I shall know how to manage my business." And with these words he walked up the flight of stairs.

The doors were closed; he rang. For several seconds he stood in uneasy expectation. The key rustled; the doors were opened. "Does Avdotia Samsonova live here?" asked he. "Yes," answered the young servant. "What dost thou want her for?" The station-master, without saying a word, entered the anteroom. "You cannot come in, you cannot come in," shouted the girl after him—"Avdotia Samsonova has visitors." But the station-master walked on without heeding her. The first two rooms were dark, there were lights in the third. He approached the open door and stopped; Minskey was seated thoughtfully in this richly furnished apartment. Dunia, dressed in all the luxury of fashion, was sitting on the arm of his easy-chair, like a horsewoman in her English saddle-looking tenderly down upon Minskey, and twisting his dark curls with her jewelled fingers. Poor station-master! Never had he seen his daughter looking so beautiful! He could not help admiring her. "Who is there?" asked she without raising her head. He remained silent. Not receiving any reply, Dunia looked up—and uttered a cry, fell to the floor. The alarmed Minskey rushed to raise her, but on becoming aware of the old station-master's presence, he left Dunia and approached him, quivering with rage: "What dost you want?" said he, clutching his teeth. "Why dost thou track me, as if I were a brigand? Dost thou want to murder me? Be off!" And seizing the old man by the collar, with a strong arm he pushed him down the stairs.

The old man returned to his rooms. His friend advised him to lodge a complaint: but the station-master having reflected awhile, waved his hand, and decided upon giving it up.

* All the afflicted.—TR.

Two days later, he left St. Petersburg and returned direct to his station, where he resumed his duties. "This is now the third year that I live without Dunia, and I have neither heard from her nor have I seen her. God knows whether she is alive or dead. Anything may happen. She is neither the first nor the last who has been enticed away by a scampish wayfarer, and who has first been cared for and then deserted. There are plenty of these young simpletons at St. Petersburg, who are to-day in satins and velvets, and to-morrow you see them sweeping the streets in degraded misery. When the thought crossed me that Dunia may be ruining herself in the same manner, one sins involuntarily, and wishes she were in the grave."

Such was the story of my friend the old station-master—a story more than once interrupted by tears, which he picturesquely wiped away with his coat-tails, like zealous Terentiev in Dmitriev's beautiful ballad. Those tears were partly induced by the punch, of which he emptied five glasses during his recital; but be that as it may, they touched me deeply. Having taken my leave, it was long before I could forget the old station-master, and long did I think of poor Dunia.

Lately again, on passing through *** I recollect my friend. I learned that the station which he had superintended had been abolished. To my inquiry, "Is the old station-master alive?" I could obtain no satisfactory answer. I made up my mind to visit the familiar locality, and, hiring a private conveyance, I left for the village of N.

It was autumn. Grey clouds obscured the sky; a cold wind swept over the reaped fields, carrying before it the red and yellow leaves that lay in its course. I entered the village at sunset and stopped before the little post-house. A fat old woman came into the lobby (where poor Dunia had once kissed me) and replied to my inquiries by saying that the old station-master had been dead about a year, that a brewer was settled in his house, and that she herself was the brewer's wife. I began to regret my useless drive and the seven roubles I had profitably expended.

"What did he die of?" I inquired of the brewer's wife.

"Drink, sir," answered she.

"And where is he buried?"

"Behind the enclosure, next to his late missus."

"Could anybody conduct to me to the grave?"

"Why not? Here, Vanka; leave off pulling the cat about. Take this gentleman to the churchyard, and show him the station-master's grave."

At these words, a ragged red-haired lad who was blind of one eye, ran up to me, and set out as my guide.

"Didst thou know the dead man?" I asked him by the way.

"How was I not to know him? He taught me how to make reed whistles. Many a time have we shouted after him when on his way from the public-house (God rest his soul!) 'Daddy, daddy, give us some nuts!' And he would throw nuts at us. He always played with us."

"And do travellers ever talk of him?"

"There are few travellers now. The assessor may occasionally turn in this way, but it is not the dead he cares for! In the summer, a lady actually did drive by, and she did ask after the station-master and went to see his grave."

"What lady?" asked I, with curiosity.

"A beautiful lady," answered the lad: "she drove a coach and six horses, with three little gentlemen, a wet nurse, and a black pugdog, and when told that the old station-master had died, she began to cry, and said to the children: 'Sit you here quietly, whilst I go to the churchyard.' Well, I offered to show her the way. But the lady said: 'I know the road myself,' and she gave me five kopecks in silver—such a good lady!"

We arrived at the cemetery, a bare place with nothing to mark its limits, strewn with wooden crosses, with not a tree to shade it. Never in my life had I seen such a melancholy graveyard.

"This is the grave of the old station-master," said the boy, jumping on a mound of earth, over which a black cross with a copper image was placed.

"And the lady came here?" asked I.

"Yes," answered Vanka. "I looked at her from a distance. She therew herself down here, and so she lay a long time. Then she went into the village, called the priest, gave him some money, and drove away; and to me she gave five kopecks in silver—a splendid lady!"

I also gave the lad five kopecks, and no longer regretted my journey, or the seven roubles I had spent.

(To be continued.)

SYDNEY SMITH—so Lord Houghton in his "Monographs" tells us—has written deprecatingly of all playing upon words, but his rapid apprehension could not altogether exclude a kind of wit which in its best forms takes fast hold of the memory, besides the momentary amusement it excites. His objection to the superiority of a city feast: "I cannot wholly value a dinner by the test you do;" his proposal to settle the question of the wood pavement around St. Paul's: "Let the Canons once lay their heads together, and the thing will be done;" his pretty compliment to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuff: "Ah! there you are: the cuff that every one would wear, the tie that no one would loose"—may be cited as perfect in their wth y.

LOST HOURS.

I ween the vigil that I keep
Is a sad and solemn thing,
Where the chill November breezes sweep,
And the ferns lie withering.
For I pass the years in long review,
The years I have trifled past,
The years when life was bright and new;
Ah, what have they brought at last?
And I cry, as I look at my drooping flowers,
My baffled hopes, and my falling powers,
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been garner'd in,
When the golden grain was wasted!
What a nectar of life it was mine to win,
When the draught was barely tasted!
What happy memories might have shone,
Had folly never stain'd them!
What noble heights to rest upon,
If a stedfast foot had gain'd them!
And I cry, as I sit 'mid my faded flowers,
"Rashness and weakness have fatal dowers.
Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

Too late for battle, too late for fame,
Comes the vision of better life;
With eyes that are smarting with tears of
shame,
I gaze at the world's hot strife.
The patient love cannot pardon now,
Or the proud believing cheer;
Where the white cross gleams and the violets
grow.
Lie the loved that made life so dear.
Kind Nature renews her perish'd flowers,
But death knows nothing of sun or showers.
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER.

BY M. YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.

Downton has been in the possession of our family since the reign of Elizabeth. From generation to generation Downton has descended in an unbroken line from father to son, unencumbered by debt or mortgage. True that we have of late years been obliged to practise a somewhat strict economy, and curtail all unnecessary expenses. My grandfather gave up the mastership of the hounds some time before his death, and my father sold our town house soon after his marriage. My mother was well born, and very pretty, but penniless, as my grandmother had been before her. The Brandons were noted for marrying beauties. Whatever else they could make up their minds to sell, they would not sell themselves.

"Walter will have to retrieve the family fortunes and marry an heiress," my father used to say when I was yet quite a child.

"All right, father," I would reply carelessly, "and mind you find one with a precious lot of money, and then I can keep a pack of hounds"—*my sumnum bonum* of human felicity.

Out of a family of seven children my parents only reared two—my sister Constance and myself. Constance was my senior by seven years. She married a wealthy Scotch laird when I was only twelve—his name was MacIntosh, of Beghie—and then went away to live in Sutherlandshire. I always spent my summer holidays at Beghie; and as the MacIntoshs generally spent Christmas with us, I saw on the whole as much of Conny as schoolboy brothers usually see of their sisters.

When I was nineteen I left Eton, and went to a private tutor's in the Isle of Wight for two years. Mr. Garnham only took two pupils. My fellow-student was the son of a very rich brewer who had recently been made a baronet—Sir John Thornton.

During the first year of my sojourn at Mr. Garnham's, Thornton and I were inseparable. But when I had been about a year at Mr. Garnham's an event occurred which—I will not say estranged us, but certainly tended to make us less dependent upon each other for companionship than we had hitherto been: I fell in love. But I must reserve the interesting details for another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

My lady-love was the *protégée* and adopted child of an old French dressmaker residing in the isle. Cherie Dupont's birth and parentage were involved in doubt and obscurity. She had been deposited at Mme. Dupont's door one Christmas Eve, some sixteen years before I first made their acquaintance. The worthy old woman was fully persuaded that Cherie would turn out some day to be "a lady of consequence;" she used often to talk to me about that Christmas Eve: "I heard a ring at the door, Monsieur Brandon, just as I begin to make my Crees-mass poudin; my landlady had just gone out—nobody at home but myself. I open the door—I see no one there—but on the doorstep a large corbeille, open at the top. I bring it into my little salon, and I find inside the loveliest of bébés—my peerless Cherie. She was dressed, monsieur, in a superbe petite robe, trimmed with lace—real Valenciennes—deep as that;" and she held up her forefinger, "and wrapped round in a magnifique châle de Cachemire; and to this châle was pinned an envelope containing a fifty-pound note and a slip of paper with these

words: 'Take care of Cherie, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.' So Cherie's parents, Monsieur Brandon, are not only great, but good people." I had my doubts on this point, but of course I kept them to myself. "And has no one ever come again, Madame?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No," and for eighteen months I heard nothing more from Cherie's parents. By that time I had left London, and had come to live here, but I had given my new address to the old landlady.

"One day she sent me a letter—from Cherie's papa, I suppose—thanking me for all my bohème to his bébé, and begging that the chère enfant might be well educated—a request that Monsieur can see has been carefully attended to."

I assented heartily to this remark.

"I send her to a day-school, monsieur, as soon as she could speak. I taught her the French myself, and she speaks it as well as the English; and she plays the piano, and sings like an angel. Often I do not receive a sou for her for months—years même together; mais qu'est-ce que ça fait? She is like my own proper child to me now, and is she not beautiful too, monsieur?" and poor old Madame Dupont would gaze at Cherie with the tears of rapture in her light gray eyes.

I must have been very much in love to spend, as I did, hour after hour of fine, warm spring days, shut up in Madame Dupont's stuffy little parlor, listening to her rhapsodies over her adored Cherie, who certainly was very lovely—"divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

"I don't see, my dear fellow where it is to end," he said one day. "You can't marry that old froggy's niece" (I had told him Cherie was Madame Dupont's niece. I had just sufficient discretion to keep her early history a secret from Edgar).

"And why can't I marry her, pray—eventually? Of course, I know we shall have to wait" (at twenty, one thinks that a mere trifle).

"Ah, but the whole thing is so absurd, Walter. What would your governor say to it—your governor who is so tremendously proud and stiff-necked, always talking about 'new people?' He'd think old Mother Dupont a rum lot for a new person, I should say."

"You mistake my father's character altogether, Thornton," I replied loftily. "He hates pretension, and assumption, and vulgarity of any kind; he can't stand would-be great people; but he admires beauty and respects worth, wherever he meets it: and Cherie's face and manners would adorn any station; besides, my position is good enough for me to marry whom I please. A man raises his wife to his rank."

CHAPTER III.

"Came at last the bitter ending," Cherie and I had to part. The time had arrived for me to go to Oxford. We bade each other farewell with many a sigh and many a tear, and endless assurances of unalterable love and devotion.

I went home for a month before going to the university, and received no end of lectures during that time from the governor upon the duties of my position. I also discovered, to my horror, that my parents were laying a matrimonial trap for my unwary footsteps—they intended me to marry the daughter of the wealthy Dean of F—; she was only fourteen at that time, so a marriage with her was a distant evil—but the very thought of that girl was a nightmare to me. I used to wake up in the middle of the night, wondering why I felt so restless and oppressed, and suddenly I would recollect—Eliza May. By the way, I never remember seeing a plainer young lady than the aforesaid Miss May. But it would have been all the same to me had she been Venus herself; the talisman on my heart mocked all female witcheries.

I must pass briefly over the first two years I spent at Oxford—two very happy years. If I achieved no brilliant victories, I, at all events, acquitted myself creditably.

A few weeks before I was to leave Oxford for good, I received a letter from my father that filled me with apprehension. Rumors had reached his ears that I had "a flirtation with some girl of low birth and connections." He begged me to write at once and deny the report, as he feared that if it reached Dr. May's ears it might cause him to look unfavorably upon me as a son-in-law.

I answered my father's letter immediately. I denied positively having any flirtation, but informed him at the same time that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me what Dr. May thought of my conduct, as I had no intention of becoming his son-in-law.

My father was furious of course. He came up to Oxford and told me I must marry Eliza May—that it had been a settled thing between her father and himself for years—that if I refused to comply with his wish, I should never receive another shilling from him as long as he lived.

I could not renounce Cherie—better forfeit my birthright than my love. However, I promised my father I would not marry without his consent; at the same time I told him that nothing should induce me to marry a girl I did not love.

We parted in anger, and the doors of Downton were closed against me from thenceforth. I passed my next vacation at Beghie, and to Conny I confided the tale of my love for Cherie. She held out no hope of my father ever consenting to my marrying Cherie. And indeed, when I thought it over calmly and dispassionately, it did seem highly improbable

that my father, with his old-fashioned Tory notions and class prejudices, should ever welcome a nameless girl, the adopted child of an old dressmaker, as a daughter-in-law.

"Perhaps, though, she will turn out to be a great lady after all," Conny would sometimes say hopefully—"very likely the daughter of a royal duke or a foreign prince."

But I was not so sanguine.

After leaving Beghie, I went down to the Isle of Wight to pay Cherie a visit. I told her exactly what had taken place between my father and myself. She was only grieved, poor child, and wanted to release me from my engagement; but I would not hear of such a thing, and made her swear never to give me up under any mistaken idea that it would be for my good."

I had now to look out for some employment to enable me to live, as my father had stopped my allowance. Fortunately I very soon fell on my feet.

As I was strolling down Piccadilly one afternoon, I met an old schoolfellow—Miles Stratton—the son of the editor of a well-known illustrated periodical. Thinking he might be able to help me, I told Miles exactly how I was situated, and he promised to interest his father on my behalf. (I ought to have mentioned before that my only talent was for drawing; I sketched well from nature, but I chiefly excelled in figure drawing and caricaturing.) Well—to make a long story short—through Miles Stratton's exertions, I was soon enabled to eke out a livelihood by my pen; but it was a hard life, and, but for Cherie, I should very soon have thrown it up in disgust, and returned home like the Prodigal Son, to accept my father's blessing and—Miss May.

But for my promise to my father never to marry without his consent, I should have made Cherie my wife at once, and we would have faced the world together, strong in our mutual love and confidence. Madame Dupont was growing old, and I anticipated with dread the time when Cherie would be left alone in the world, and often debated whether, under those circumstances, I should not be justified in breaking my promise to my father if he refused to absolve me from it.

I wrote every week to my darling, and once a month I used to run down to the Isle of Wight, from Saturday to Monday, to pay her and Madame Dupont a visit.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years passed away, and my father had not yet relented, which I attributed mainly to the fact of Miss May being still Miss May. He never wrote to me. My mother did occasionally—under the rose—and Conny and I corresponded regularly.

Madame Dupont was now very infirm, and Cherie had the entire superintendence of the business, which thrived admirably under her direction. From time to time madam continued to receive anonymous gifts of money for Cherie's benefit, but she had never obtained any clue to the sender. It was certainly very mysterious, and, little as I really cared, I could not help feeling curious about Cherie's parentage.

One day I was going down from London to Southampton, *en route* for Cowes. From Waterloo Station to Farnboro, I had a smoking-carriage to myself, but at Farnboro' a very heavy swell got in—a regular plunger. In my character of caricaturist this fellow's appearance interested me; he was quite a subject for Punch, and I at once set him down in my own mind as a major of dragoons. He was in deep mourning—such ostentations of mourning! His cravat was almost as high as the hat itself; his studs and solitaires were of jet, surmounted with a monogram in pearls and diamonds, and his greatcoat was of the blackest, curliest Astrakan fur. Such a heavy moustache he had—twisted round and round like those hirsute adornments that ladies call *acrocéhe-cœur*. Everything about the man bespoke wealth—from his hat to his boots. I could not help smiling as I recalled the antipathy my father had to this style of person. He seemed a good sort of fellow, too, when he spoke—rather aw-aw and swaggering, but very good-natured withal.

He appeared particularly interested to hear that I was going over to Cowes. So was he. I did not ask him if he belonged to the R. Y. S. Castle. I felt certain he did not. I would have offered anybody ten to one that I named my new friend's club. "The Rag" was stamped on every inch of him.

Presently the conversation turned upon monograms.

"I am—aw—rather heavy on monograms," he drawled out. "Ennis and Grayle designed this one—aw—for me," and he handed me his cigar-case, on which his monogram was raised in gold letters—A. W. H.

I offered to design one for him, at which he appeared highly delighted.

"Really I am awfully obliged. I want a new one for my writing paper. One—aw—can't exactly have five boys playing at football on—aw—deep black-edged paper—can one?"

I agreed with him that it was inappropriate, and took out my note-book to make a rough sketch of the projected monogram, when ***

When I came to myself I was lying amidst the ruins and débris of the train—stiff, bruised, and terribly shaken, but, fortunately, with no bones broken. A collision had taken place; we had run into a goods train. Luckily the accident had taken place near one of the stations—a small one, where few trains stopped, but there were houses near at hand, to which they were carrying away the poor sufferers on litters and

hurdles. My first thought was for my travelling companion. He was lying close to me—senseless. I assisted in carrying him to a neighboring farm-house: or rather I accompanied his carriers, for it was as much as I could do to drag myself along. Then I despatched a telegram to Cherie—who, I knew, would be expecting me—to inform her that an accident had occurred, that I was unhurt, and would write further particulars by post.

After that I returned to the bedside of my military friend, whom I found restored to consciousness, but terribly put out at not being able to proceed on his journey. This the surgeon informed me was simply out of the question; for Colonel Heavystone had not only broken his collar-bone, but was severely bruised, and very feverish, and would probably be obliged to keep his bed for a fortnight.

My new friend seemed much pleased at hearing me announce to the surgeon my intention of sitting up with him. He was on his way—so he informed me—to Cowes, *en route* for Ventnor (I started when he said this) on urgent private affairs, and therefore had not brought his "man" with him.

I inquired if he would like me to write to his servant.

"No—aw—he is such a confounded ass—my man. I'm—aw—in fact, going to get rid of him. Tell the sawbones to telegraph to London for a professional nurse, if he thinks it necessary. They are the best people when one's ill. Never mind what it costs."

I began to smell a rat. My friend the plunger was evidently out on a prauk, and did not wish his belongings to know where he was. As I was not obliged to return to town until Tuesday, I offered to remain and nurse him.

"Thanks, but that's awfully good of you," said he, "but such a doosid bore for you—aw. No, I don't like to—"

But it ended in my offer being accepted, and I was installed as head nurse. I knew pretty well what to do, having nursed a friend at Oxford the year before who had met with a similar accident.

The collar-bone was set at once, and all that was needed now was perfect rest and quiet. The surgeon looked in again before night, and assured me the invalid was going on satisfactorily, and then prescribed for me. I was fearfully bruised, but I did not care about that, as neither of my hands was injured, and I could write and draw as well as ever. The next day was Sunday. The weather was lovely, making my invalid regret more than ever the accident that had placed him *hors de combat*, I tried to console him by telling him how well the doctor thought he was getting on, and that he would be all right soon.

"And then I shall have to go back to town," he groaned. "Confounded bore! another month perhaps before I can get down there."

Not knowing the circumstances of the case, of course I could offer no opinion.

Presently he asked me if I would write a letter if he dictated it.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well, now, this is what you're—aw—to write: 'Dear Lina.' I say, mind you don't put where you're writing from—do you see—aw?"

"I hear. 'Dear Lina.' Now what next?"

"I'm detained here—aw—on—aw—important business."

"No, 'Don't'—underline 'Don't,' please—Don't go out in the brougham with Diana or Euphemia. Take either your aunt or Miss Spinks' (they're both so precious ugly)."

"Am I to write that?"

"No, no. Well, now, that's all, I think. Your affectionate father, A. W. H.' Now put it in an envelope, Brand" (I always called myself Brand, now) "and address it to Miss Heavystone, 799 Portland place, London. Lina, you know, is my daughter—and a very pretty one, too—and one has to look after her, you see. She is fifteen now. Her poor mother—aw—could do nothing with her. She is dead now—ah!" and I fancied the sigh that followed this piece of intelligence was one of relief.

"Have you a daughter of fifteen?" I could not help exclaiming in astonishment,

"Rather—aw! How awfully astonished you look! Why, how old do you take me for?"

"Two-and-thirty."

"Forty—very nearly."

I was surprised; he was certainly the youngest looking man for his years I ever beheld. Life had evidently gone very smoothly with this wealthy plunger. No mental wear and tear, no strong emotions, no undue preponderance of mind over matter to wear him out. He looked younger at forty than many a man who has to live by his wits looks at twenty.

"Ah, well!" thought I, "better to wear out than to rust out. Better anything than to be indebted for wealth and luxury to a wife one could not love."

CHAPTER V.

On the Tuesday I returned to town—to my work. I could not afford to be absent any longer; but I promised Colonel Heavystone to run down again to him on Thursday or Friday. A sudden intimacy had sprung up between this heavy swell and myself. I had become quite fond of him. He was so good-natured and easy-going, and very amusing, without the slightest intention of being so.

I was soon in possession of his whole family history. His father had made a large fortune in trade, and had brought up his son with one object in life—to marry a girl with a handle to her name. And that his son had accomplished. He had married Lady Caroline O'Shea, the

fifth daughter of a penniless Irish earl. His wife was some years older than himself, Colonel Heavystone informed me; and from remarks he let fall, I gathered that the marriage had not been a superlatively happy one, and that Lady Caroline had been very jealous—not wholly without cause, I should say. She had been dead now some months, and he wore this very deep mourning for her and for his father, who had died within a few weeks of Lady Caroline. "And now—aw—they call me the orphan," he said pompously, as if it were a title that conferred great distinction upon him, "for Lady Caroline was much more like a mother than a wife to me; and now I am going to leave the—th" (he was a heavy dragoon then). "You see, Lina is growing up, and I don't want to be beset by aunts any longer. I mean to get rid of Lady Barbara altogether, and be master in my own house—at last." And he heaved a sigh of relief. Evidently he had been made to marry his wife's family as well as his wife, and now that death had freed him from the one, he intended to free himself from the other.

The following Sunday, when I returned to see Colonel Heavystone at his special request, I found him still groaning over his enforced imprisonment. He was in a confidential mood, and evidently anxious to disburden himself of some secret.

"It's awfully good-natured of you to come down here," he said; "it must be doosidly slow for you. Have you been to Cowes yet?"

"No, I haven't," I replied, "I shall go there next week."

"Got a lot of friends there?" he asked.

"Yes, a good many; but I am not going to stay at Cowes. I am going on to Ventnor to see my fiancée."

He made a curious grimace.

"Going to be married—eh?"

"Well, I hope to be some day," I replied; and then I briefly related to him how I was situated in regard to my father, but carefully suppressing Cherie's name and history.

He listened attentively, and when I had finished speaking, he said:

"Look here, old boy, don't you go and do anything rash—aw. I did once, and it is just hanging a millstone round one's neck, I can tell you. It is rather funny that I should tell you—aw—whom I've—aw—only known a few days—something that I've never told to any other fellow, but I've taken a fancy to you (I'm an awfully rum beggar about taking fancies), and—aw—I should like to stop you making an ass of yourself, if I could. When I was nineteen I married the prettiest little girl you ever saw in your life—bar none; but she was only a basset-girl, and I didn't dare tell the governor. I had a liberal allowance, and she continued on the stage, and we just kept our marriage a secret. The—th were at Colchester then, and I used to run up to town whenever I could. Before we had been married a year quite, my wife had a little girl. Just about that time, my father set his heart upon my marrying Lady Caroline O'Shea. He tried it on with two other earls' daughters, and got awfully snubbed for his pains; but old Mallyragg was as poor as a church mouse, and jumped at me. Well, Brand, what to do I did not know. I was in a most confounded fix. I didn't dare say no—aw—to the governor, so I—aw—asked for breathing time to think it over. I got long leave and went abroad. When I came back my poor little wife was dying"—and his voice changed, poor fellow at this point in his narrative—"of inflammation of the lungs. She died in my arms, poor child, on the 23rd of December, 18—. Then what to do with the little one puzzled me awfully. I was over head and ears in debt. I knew I should have to marry Lady Caroline after all, and one woman seems pretty much the same as another when you've just lost the one you've cared about, so I could not keep baby with me; but where to put her I didn't know. Suddenly I remembered an awfully good little Frenchwoman who used to work for my mother, and who lived at Brampton. On Christmas Eve, the day after Claire died, I popped Cherie" (Good Heaven! how my heart leapt at the name) "into a large open basket, wrapped her up snug and warm, and drove with her to the corner of the street where Madame lived. It was an out-of-the-way place, and the street was quite deserted. I walked up to the door with the basket in my arms, I pulled violently at the bell, and deposited my parcel—on the doorstep. Then I hid close by and watched. I saw the old Frenchwoman come out and look up and down the street, and then take the basket in with her and shut the door again. Then I knew it was all right, for I had written a little letter and enclosed a fifty-pound note in the envelope, and pinned it on to Cherie's shawl, which had been my wedding present to poor Claire; and—would you believe it, Brand?—from that hour to this I've never to my knowledge set eyes on my child. I've sent her whatever money I could spare from time to time; but I knew that if I once saw her I should always want to be seeing her; and then if Lady Caroline had found it out (and she found out everything, Brand) there'd have been no end of trouble. Oh, what a time of it between the governor and her! But I'm free now, and nothing shall keep me from Cherie."

And so it was my darling Cherie's father I had been nursing. No wonder I had felt drawn towards him. For some minutes I was too overcome by surprise to speak. Then I asked him if he knew what his child had grown up like.

"No," said he; "I know she is alive and well—at least she was a few weeks ago—and Ma-

dame Dapont, I've heard in a roundabout way, has behaved awfully well to her. Beyond that I know nothing. I've sent her every farthing I could; but my wife looked so sharply after everything, and I've other children to keep, and—"

"And do you not mean to let your eldest daughter share your home now?" I interrupted him sharply.

"I'm sure I don't know," he replied rather ruefully; "the whole think is rather a fiasco. She mightn't care to leave Madame Dupont, who has been like a mother to her. Cherie! I wonder what she is like! It seems extraordinary to me now that I could have lived so many years without seeing and knowing my own child."

I quite agreed with him on this point, and before we parted for the night I told him all.

He was as much astonished at my confession as I had been at his. When he learnt who I was, who my father was, and that I had voluntarily become an exile from home and family—a penniless exile too—on account of the love I bore his child—the child he had abandoned from fear and motives of interest—the contrast between my conduct and his seemed to strike him forcibly and painfully; but Englishmen are not demonstrative. For a few minutes he was silent; then he held out his hand.

"Brandon, you're a good fellow. I liked you directly I saw you. You shall marry Cherie. I'll give her such a dowry as will make even your father welcome her for a daughter-in-law. It will be but a poor reparation for my many years of neglect."

I have a little more to tell. My father had to relent, and give his consent to our marriage, and Cherie was charming enough to win the most obdurate heart. My mother was very anxious to send her to school for a year, but I would not hear of such a thing. She was fit to adorn any position, I thought, and her father fully agreed with me. Colonel Heavystone was enchanted with his long-neglected child, and could not do enough for us both.

We have been married now rather more than a year (Elgar Thornton, at his own urgent request, performing the part of "best man" at my wedding), and are as happy as possible. Since the arrival of a young gentleman, who made his appearance on this world's stage a few weeks ago, the governor's last scruples and objections had entirely vanished, and he is both fond and proud of his lovely daughter-in-law. Colonel Heavystone has bought us a small house in town, close to his own, and we live between London and Downton; but I suppose it will end in our eventually settling at Downton.

Wherever we go, dear old Madame Dupont will go with us. She has lived with us ever since our marriage, and will, I trust, to the day of her death—till she is called home to receive the reward of "the good and true in heart."

A CLEVER CAPTURE.

I suppose there are few persons, who have had to make their way in the world, who have not, at one time or other, experienced the unpleasant pecuniary position, known as labouring under "temporary pressure." It has been my lot, and was my condition, when seated on a fine spring morning, in St. James's Park, carelessly watching the little children feeding the water-fowl, I heard my name pronounced, and looking round, saw, standing by my side, with his hand extended for a cordial grasp, Frank Mowbray, of whom I had lost sight for at least eighteen months. We had not met since we were temporary members of a strolling theatrical company in the West of England. He had been with us a month only when he left, as mysteriously and as suddenly as he had joined. No one seemed to know why, for though he had appeared in the small parts only, he displayed in their embodiment both aptitude and finish. He was a quiet, self-contained fellow, but was a general favorite from a certain courteous manner he possessed. For my own part, I was really glad to see him again, for short as our acquaintance had been, I had found him a highly agreeable companion.

"And what are you doing now, Mowbray?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "my former profession, of course."

"What, still on the stage?" I inquired.

"The stage!" he exclaimed, laughing. "No! Did you suppose then, like the rest, that I was a Richard or Othello? No, my dear boy; I am now what I was then, and neither more nor less."

"And that is—" I asked.

"A detective," he replied, emphatically.

"A detective!" I repeated, in genuine surprise. "You a detective! Why, we all considered you an actor, and by no means a bad one!"

"Well," said he, laughing, "I fancy that a member of my profession is none the worse fitted for his vocation if he can assume other individualities occasionally; at least, I have found it so."

Then, in reply to my further inquiries, he told me that he had been employed by a person of great wealth to watch, narrowly, the conduct of a member of our company, and to report to him the slightest indecorum or impropriety. And that reminded me we had among us at the time he joined our company, a young lady of much beauty, and moderate ability, with whose

name green-room gossip made rather free. It was stated she belonged to a wealthy family, but, having a desire to become an actress, was trying her powers on the provincial boards before venturing to challenge public opinion in a London theatre.

"Well; and now," said Frank, "what are you doing?"

I told him briefly and candidly the state of my affairs; that my prospects were of the most unpromising kind; and that I was anxious for any employment till better days might dawn.

"Well," said he, after a few moments' hesitation, "if you were not too particular, perhaps I might find you something to do."

"You!" cried; "why, what is it?"

"Perhaps, though," he added, "you are proud, and wouldn't consent to it?"

"I don't think pride would stand in my way just now," I rejoined. "What is it?"

"Would you like to go out to service?" he inquired.

"To service! what do you mean?" I asked in return.

"Would you accept a situation as servant, with a lady and gentleman. They have no family, but they keep a good deal of company at times. They live over Brixton way; the work would be easy, and the wages, perhaps—Well,—and I saw a mischievous twinkle about his face as he spoke,—say twelve, or perhaps fourteen, pounds a year."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, almost indignantly.

"Don't be hasty," he answered, quietly; "take time to think. In all probability you won't be required for more than a month, and during that time I shall put you on a salary as well, of two pounds a week."

"What on earth do you ask me for?" I inquired, bewildered by the apparent absurdity of the proposal.

"Well, I believe you would do it as well as anyone I know, at present," he replied. "A professional detective might do too much; and a stranger would probably do too little."

"But what should I be expected to do?" I inquired, for Mowbray's quiet and earnest manner had its influence with me; "perhaps, black boots and shoes, or clean knives and forks?"

"Probably," he quietly said as usual. "I don't know what duties they might require; I only know what I want of you."

"And what may that be?" I asked.

"To go as soon as possible. I shall give you a character and be your reference. Here is my address," — and he handed me a card as he spoke. "If you obtain the place, all well and good; say as little and see as much as you can; and every day, before your master or mistress is up, send me a correct and minute account of every visitor that comes, everything that goes on in the house, their conversation, if possible, their amusements, occupations, the hours they keep,—everything, in fact."

"Oh," I said, still in doubt, "I don't know what to say."

"Do it, I tell you!" he replied; "don't throw away your chances of a livelihood. Remember, you will be only doing what you profess—sustaining a character, but for a longer time than usual. Now see here," he continued, as he drew a newspaper from his pocket. "Read this advertisement."

I took the paper, and read as he desired:

"Wanted, a respectable young man, with good address, as servant (out of livery). Liberal wages. Apply at Appledore Lodge.—Road Brixton."

"There are you!" he continued; "a respectable young man, of good address, and out of livery—a photograph of yourself! Now lose no time; get into a cab, and off you go! Stay, though," he said, seeing I still hesitated; "here's your first week in advance, to get anything you may require."

He had linked his arm through mine, and led me, almost unknown to myself, to George Street, where he hailed a hansom cab.

In obedience to the call, the cab was driven up, and I had, almost mechanically, stepped into it, and was on my way to Brixton, before I had well made up my mind how to decide. Wondering what it all might mean, we reached the end of the road mentioned in the advertisement. Here I deemed it prudent to alight, and, discharging the cab, presented myself at the door of Appledore Lodge. I have encountered a good many professional difficulties in the course of my career, such as undertaking a long part at a short notice, or suffering from what we understand as "stage fright," but I think I never felt more nervously apprehensive than during the few minutes between the ringing of the bell and the opening of the door by the servant.

"I have come in reference to the situation advertised in this morning's paper," I said.

"Please to walk in, young man," the girl replied, "and wait in the 'all,' and I'll tell you."

During the short interval that followed, I looked about me and carefully observed the place I had come to. The house was a snug suburban "Villa," or "Lodge," — rather pretentious, perhaps, but well enough appointed, as far as I could judge.

Again the strange nervous, aching sensation came over me, as I reflected on the responsibility or the absurdity of my undertaking — for though, perhaps, not generally believed, we actors, as a class, are especially alive to the ridiculous—when a parlor door opened, and a tall, pale youth, hat in hand, came out. He eyed me malignantly as he passed, I thought, and

muttered, as he left the house, I suppose, to me. "Things looks fishy here, George! They wants you for nothing! Not me!" and so departed. From this I inferred he was an unsuccessful candidate.

The servant girl again addressing me as "young man," requested me "to come forward, please, as the missus would see me."

In the breakfast-room—looking on a garden at the back of the house—comfortably and even luxuriously furnished, I saw the lady of the house, a very lovely woman, and, I suppose, about five-and-twenty.

After the questions usual in such cases, and which I answered as well as I could, taking care, in all difficulties, to refer her to my late employer, whose card I at once presented, she inquired whether I had been much in service. I candidly admitted I was not experienced, and modestly hoped, by attention and assiduity, to afford no cause of complaint. But the lady seemed to attach no great importance to my inexperience, for she kindly said she could make allowance for all deficiencies if she perceived a "desire to deserve her own and Captain Falcon's confidence."

By this time my nervousness had vanished, for the adventure had begun to assume rather an interesting appearance, and I no longer felt desirous of avoiding the engagement; so when she asked, "And what are your views as regards wages?" I at once replied that, in consideration of my want of experience, I would make my terms as low as possible, and hoped she would not think twelve pounds a year too high?

To this proposal she gave a hearty assent, and it was understood I should commence my duties that evening.

On leaving the house, I hastened to report to Mowbray, as we had arranged, my progress in the affair. He seemed highly pleased at the success of his scheme so far, though he preserved a silence as to his motives. We dined together, had a most agreeable, chatty, comfortable afternoon, and, in the evening, having made what additions or changes I thought necessary in my wardrobe, and settled affairs at my lodgings, I started to assume my new character.

The duties that evening were light enough, and any mistake passed unnoticed. I contrived to make a friend of the good-natured servant girl, who quickly perceived I was new at the business, and helped me considerably in my difficulties. From her I learnt that the master of the house, Captain Falcon, was out a great deal—that is to say, in the latter part of the day and evening—and at such times, his young wife was quite alone. They seemed to have but few acquaintances, and except when he brought friends home with him, saw little or no company. But the place was not a bad one, nor was the work hard.

At eleven o'clock, the household retired to rest, excepting the mistress, who was accustomed to await her husband's return. The chamber allotted to me was in the front of the house, and, as I afterwards discovered, over the one occupied by the Captain and his wife. I am habitually a light sleeper, and on this particular night, the events of the day, so strange and unexpected, prevented my sinking into a sound slumber. I heard the hours striking from the neighboring church, and about three in the morning my attention was aroused by a heavy tread on the gravel of the garden path. Bearing in mind Mowbray's injunction to hear and see everything, I arose and opened the chamber door softly. I heard a light rap at the hall door, and could distinguish Mrs. Falcon's step as she proceeded to unfasten it. Then on came the heavy tread inside the house, and the voices of two persons in conversation; but as they retired to the drawing-room, I could not make out the subject of their conference. I had previously lain so long puzzling myself as to the nature of the mystery—if mystery there were—that surrounded these persons, that now I began to feel an unaccountable longing to ascertain what it might be. Physiologists tell us that about this hour in the morning the vital powers are at their lowest, and we are more open to impressions, especially those which have in them the elements of fear and apprehensiveness, than at any other; and so, from speculating wildly what the life of these persons, under whose roof I so strangely found myself, might be, I worked myself at last into a fever of excitement that the man, whom I had not seen, but whose heavy footstep I heard, would assail, and, perhaps, injure the woman who had so patiently awaited his coming; and so firm a hold did this fancy take of me, that in spite of any risk I might run, I determined to grope my way down stairs, and, if necessary, protect her. Partially dressing myself, therefore, I crept softly to the landing on which the door of the drawing-room opened. This had, fortunately, been left ajar, and I could contemplate my new master without fear of being discovered.

He was a fine, well-made man, between thirty and forty, I suppose, with an almost military bearing and manner; but his face was strongly marked, and the dark hair and beard gave it additional weight. His wife was standing by his side, or rather leaning over him, and as the light fell on her gentle face, I was startled to see how old she appeared to be. I felt strangely pained at the expression that dwelt on it. It was not suffering, nor anxiety exactly, but the worn, weary look that hope long deferred, or habitual suspense, would probably impart. The man seemed sullen, though quiet; nor did there appear to have been any quarrel or difference between them.

They only spoke after long intervals of silence, and as their remarks evidently referred to sub-

jects of which I had no knowledge, I felt relieved and resolved to return. Just, however, as I was about to withdraw, a name uttered by the Captain altered my determination. It was in reply to some remark by his wife, which I did not catch distinctly, that I heard the other rejoin, "Nonsense, my dear! I tell you, am safer where I am. Who would recognise me from what I was? Why, only yesterday I stood face to face with Mowbray, and he failed to recognise me."

"Mowbray!" his wife repeated, as if in a tone of apprehension.

"The very man," the Captain continued. "He looked at me narrowly once or twice, I thought, but the complete change in my appearance during the last three years evidently deceived him."

"But do you not think," the lady resumed, after a pause, "that affair is nearly forgotten, or that the interest in it has almost subsided?"

"Perhaps the public interest," he rejoined; "but an affair like that, and the reward attached, would not be forgotten by such men as Mowbray."

After this there was a long silence; each seemed lost in thought, and I deemed it best to withdraw.

I reached my room safely, and after some little time fell into a troubled and feverish sleep, which lasted till morning.

I soon discovered that late hours were the rule at Appledore Lodge, for it was quite noon before the Captain and his wife sat down to breakfast. I found no difficulty in playing my part—he rôle was so light. I was at a loss to know why a man-servant was deemed requisite at all. Everything appeared to be of the best, and from whatever source the Captain drew his supplies, money was no object. One or two days passed, quietly enough, and my experiences of the inner life at Appledore Lodge, were jotted down in a diary for the information of my chief.

It was, I think, on the morning of the third day that I was told my master would bring a friend home to dinner. A very elegant repast was supplied from a noted restaurant, and in consideration of my inexperience a servant from the same establishment assisted to wait at table. The Captain's friend was a young man, probably in the army, to judge from the character of the conversation during dinner.

Everything was of the best, and I do not suppose a party of three—my master, his wife, and their guest—could have sat down to a better appointed banquet. The wine circulated freely, or appeared to do so; my master frequently replenished his own glass, and yet I did not see him drink anything; though how he disposed of it, I don't know to this day. The guest, on the contrary, drank copiously, and talked in proportion, but I cannot say he seemed the worse for liquor. The dinner had been over some time, and coffee served, when I was summoned to the drawing-room. I found the two gentlemen at cards, and the lady working embroidery. My master desired me to bring cigars and wine from the dining-room sideboard, and on my return I heard him say to his visitor, "Now let me have your opinion of that sherry."

I noticed that while he was pouring out the wine, his wife had risen, and appeared to be glancing over the shoulder of their guest at the cards he was holding; on her meeting her husband's gaze, she hastily touched a necklace of brilliants she wore, placed her hand near her heart, and made some rapid movements with her fingers as if counting. Another time, having by some pretence or other, glanced over their visitor's cards as before, she held up the fancy work on which she was employed, and made some casual remarks, such as there being too much black in the pattern, or that she feared the red did not come out sufficiently, but always accompanied by the same movement of the fingers, so I was compelled to infer that it was a system of premeditated signals between the husband and wife, and their guest was simply being robbed at their convenience.

It was much later in the evening before I was next summoned to the room, when I was told to procure a cab, and prepare to accompany the gentleman to his chambers. This having been done, I rode inside, by my master's directions, and the journey was completed in silence. In fact, my companion seemed half asleep; he was not drunk exactly, but in that stupid, oblivious state that is the result of some kind of drug, and I could not resist the impression that an opiate had been conveyed in the sherry he had taken.

These suspicions of mine were duly reported to Mowbray on the earliest opportunity, who merely said, "Just so," and bade me keep my eyes open. I suppose a week had passed before any fresh incident worthy my attention occurred. In the meantime the Captain and his wife had been out several times in the evening, probably to the opera or theatre, and seemed to enjoy life very well.

One evening, about the time I mention, when my mistress, having dined alone, was in the drawing-room, I was yawning in the kitchen, heartily tired of the monotony of my present existence, there came a loud ring at the door-bell, and on my hastening upstairs, in answer, I found my master had returned, accompanied by another and apparently a much younger man. They went to the drawing-room, and I was desired to bring coffee; and on doing so, I found the table prepared for the cards, and my mistress, as before, engaged on her fancy work; so I concluded the same confederacy was about to be practised that I had before witnessed.

The visitor, this time, was a fair-faced young fellow, apparently about five or six and twenty, and with light curly hair, beard, and moustache;

and he had, besides, a freshness in his manner, and a merry, boyish twinkle in his open face, that won upon me, and I resolved to save him, if I could, from the brace of birds of prey beside him. Once or twice he threw towards me a searching and intelligent glance, and I could not help wondering whether he had divined the character of his host and hostess, and was wondering in his turn whether I knew it, too. In my suspicions I was confirmed, when I was told, as before, to produce the cigars and the sherry, on which my master, as on the previous occasion, desired his guest's opinion. But I had not forgotten our former visitor's drowsy state in the cab, and so, when told to hand the wine, I contrived to stumble, and spilled it over his knees.

"Mind what you are about, my good fellow," he cried. "Confound it! I am half drowned." But his look met mine, and I felt convinced I was understood.

My master reprimanded me severely for my clumsiness, and desired me to fill another glass, and place it on the table.

I had no help, therefore, but to obey, and could only hope my hint would be taken. Under one pretence or another, I contrived to loiter about the room, and as I kept perfectly still, my master and mistress seemed to have overlooked my presence.

Thus I was able to observe that my mistress practised the same movements with her hands and fancy work as before, and yet, strange to say, with not the same result, as the visitor this time appeared to be winning. The Captain's face had lost a little of its easy gaiety, and though he was perfectly self-possessed and polite, he seemed a little more anxious than usual. At the conclusion of another game (I think it was *écarté* they were playing), which again seemed in favor of the guest, he said, rather abruptly, "Why, you don't take your wine! Pray tell me how you like it?"

By the visitor seeming to hesitate, and to put him off by various modes of delay, such as examining the wine by the light, passing it under his nose, or affecting to sip, and then to pause and consider, but never drinking, I saw that my caution had not been in vain. At last however, the Captain pressed him so closely, there was no way out of it, as I thought, and becoming intensely interested in the scene I was closely observing, I quite accidentally dropped the salver I had been carefully holding, or nervously passing from one hand to the other. The clattering noise of the fall caused the Captain and his wife to look round, and at the same moment the visitor jerked the wine over his shoulder, and then immediately raised the empty glass to his lips, as in the act of drinking.

"A very nice dry wine, indeed," he said, and placed the empty glass on the table.

My master, with a good deal of anger in his tone and face, desired me to leave the room and take the coffee service and glasses below. In passing behind the guest's chair for the purpose of removing his empty wine-glass, I happened to look, and saw from the position my master had taken that his back was reflected in the leaning mirror over the mantle-piece, at such an angle that the cards he held were also reflected there, as he leaned back in his seat.

From the situation Mrs. Falcon had taken a little in the rear, and as it were between the two, possibly with a view to communicate more easily with her husband, she had, clearly, not observed the accidental assistance the looking-glass afforded their intended victim, who evidently was no fool, and I saw at a glance that the game had been merely a contest of knavery in which rogue was pitted against rogue, for the cleverer to win. But right or wrong, sharp or no sharp, I could not help a strong feeling in favor of the stranger, and chuckled to myself at the evident chagrin with which the Captain lost another game, while every moment his temper became shorter and his anxiety greater.

I had quitted the room as commanded, but purposely left the door ajar, and having disposed of the coffee service and glasses, stealthily returned to watch the fight. Before, however, I could reach the landing outside the drawing-room, I heard high words of altercation; the Captain seemed to have lost all control over himself, and with strong oath, and in a loud voice, I heard him exclaim to his wife, "You have been playing me false!"

"I!" the frightened woman pleaded—"I!"

"Yes you!—I say you!" he thundered out.

"Steady, Captain steady," said the visitor quietly. "That lady has played her part as well as it is possible to do, and I acknowledge her skill. My dear fellow," he went on as easily as before, "you are very clever, but you have made one mistake. Did you never hear of two famous highwaymen, who mutually mistaking one another, cried at the same time 'Stand and deliver!' That is our case. I am not a greenhorn, but a bird of prey like yourself!"

"What do you mean by that?" the Captain demanded.

"Now, come, come," the other said, careless as ever; "don't lose your temper. We can afford to be honest before one another, at least. Mrs. Falcon is a most accomplished confederate, I am sure, but you see I know almost as much as yourself. Suppose we shake hands, and, for the future, work together?"

The Captain, half amazed and half angry, paused a few moments; then he said, looking narrowly at the young and frank face before him, "You are right; no man is a simpleton or a fool who can take me in! Yes, we will work together."

"Then," cried the other impulsively, "give me your hand on the bargain!"

The Captain thrust out his hand, which the visitor seized with a most cordial grasp, and at the same time, with marvellous quickness and dexterity, slipped on a hand-cuff, drawing a moment afterwards a revolver from his breast pocket, and presenting it at the astonished Captain.

"Frederick Conway," he cried, "I arrest you on a charge of embezzlement in the banking house of Russell Brothers, five years ago! Stir an inch, and you are a dead man!"

"Who and what the devil are you?" his prisoner fiercely demanded.

"I am Frank Mowbray," the detective quickly rejoined, "and I have been looking for you for some time. You may as well go without fuss. Look to the lady, Charley!"

I had already entered the room when the Captain was secured, and was but just in time to prevent his wife unlocking a drawer in a book-case, to which she had gone for the purpose, and where we afterwards found a six-shooter, capped and loaded, and probably placed there in the event of a contingency like the present; and I shall not easily forget the change of expression in that gentle face at the moment—white as death, but with such a glare of baffled rage and despair as I had never seen before, nor have met since. To this succeeded a violent fit of hysterics, and we left her, eventually, in the care of the maid-servants, whom the unusual commotion had brought up-stairs.

"Tell the cabman at the door to be ready," said Mowbray, calmly as usual; "and tell Martin to come up."

I found that a cab had been driven quietly to the door, and another officer was waiting inside in readiness, so that I inferred all that had been carefully pre-arranged, and that Frank had made pretty sure of effecting the capture.

In due course the Captain was examined, committed for trial, and eventually convicted. His sentence was very heavy, and he had no chance of escape from the commencement of the case.

Some time afterwards I was speaking to Mowbray of the circumstances, and expressed my surprise he should have taken such a circuitous route to arrive at a point which he must have been certain of from the first.

"I prefer to wait, Charley," said he, "to the chance of mistake. I had had my suspicions some time that this Captain Falcon was the Frederick Conway I had previously known, and who at the time of the embezzlement had given me the slip; but the distance of date, and the alteration of his appearance, were likely to deceive me. I knew, however, the man I wanted had a scar on the right wrist, the result of some scuffle in which he had been engaged, and when I grasped his hand after the game of cards, I saw it. This was the link wanting for my chain of evidence. I had learnt what places he frequented, and on more than one occasion found he picked up young fellows with more money than experience, whom he induced to accompany him home, and I knew it would be with one object only—plunder. I threw myself in his way, and so made his acquaintance; and he regarded me as a victim like the rest."

"But how," I asked, "did you find the advertisement for the servant, and how it referred to him?"

"I had followed him home more than once," Mowbray answered, "and spent a good deal of leisure time in the neighborhood of Appledore Lodge, and one day saw his wife go to a Registry Office. A keen sportsman, Charlie, when the game is shy, never throws away a chance; so I ascertained, when the lady had left the office, that she was in quest of a servant, out of livery, and had been unsuccessful in her enquiry. Persons like this Conway or Falcon and his wife, do not, as a rule, give themselves much personal trouble, and it would come easier to her to advertise, I thought; so I looked over the list of the "Wanted's" every morning—and you know with what result. Our Warwickshire friend, who knew everything, was right when he said, "There's a divinity doth shape our ends, rough-hew them as we will!" for if you had not been down on you luck, and watching the ducks in St. James's Park that morning when I met you, you might never have enjoyed the proud privilege of serving your country, by assisting in what the newspaper called at the time, "A Clever Capture!"

SAVED FROM A WRECK.

(Concluded.)

By the blessed light of day I could now calculate the distance which separated us from land. The nearest point of *terra firma* was a large rock about twenty-five yards from the prow-head; beyond the rock was a small island, which I afterwards learned was called Gulls Head. Many of the shipwrecked passengers and crew were already assembled on the rock, while others had reached the island.

One unfortunate, whom from the color of his skin, I judged to be an engine-stoker, lay groaning and making horrible contortions with his body near my feet. The poor fellow had, like many others, lost his reason. Fearing that in his paroxysms he might clutch at my feet, and that we should both roll overboard, I thought it advisable to shift my quarters. This was easier said than done, for I had lost the use of my feet. I, however, contrived to crawl on my knees along the edge of the hull, holding on to the rail of the steamer, and pausing here and there till I found an opportunity to pass, for the overturned hull was crowded with people.

During one of these pauses I bethought me of indulging in the luxury of a cigar. I remembered that my matches were safely deposited in my pocket, and I thought that perhaps the water had not penetrated the silver box which held them. I accordingly extracted a cigar from a pocket of my overcoat, and placed it in my mouth. Alas! the cigar was soaking with sea-water. I allowed it to fall from my lips, while I continued my journey, which was of more vital importance.

When I had reached the centre of the steamer I observed a boat coming from the island. It appeared to be extremely small, was without seats, and the fishermen by whom it was manned seemed afraid to approach too near the wreck. A few moments later a larger boat put off from the island, and came to the rescue of the passengers.

I had now reached that part of the steamer when the mizzen-mast is situated, and here I found my friends Welch and Kew. We exchanged greetings, and I placed myself literally, and not in the Spanish sense of the expression, "at their feet." While conversing with my friends some of the passengers and crew were being removed from the wreck by means of a rope, which, as I afterwards heard, had by the bravery of the first officer been connected with the rock, and again from the latter to the island. Those who availed themselves of this means of escape were sadly beaten by the waves, which rose higher and higher every moment. Many of them, exhausted with their efforts, and frost-bitten with the cold, fell dead on their way along the rope.

Amongst those who remained on the hull, awaiting the approach of the boats, were not a few who went raving mad, slipped into the sea, and were drowned.

My frozen hands and feet rendered me powerless to leave the wreck by means of the rope, so I made no effort in that direction. Occasionally I raised my wet overcoat from my chest, to see if my body continued warm, and I was greatly thankful at the sight of the vapor which it dispelled.

The boats now began to venture nearer to the wreck, and those who had not lost the use of their hands and feet passed onwards towards the bow of the steamer, and in turn descended by a rope and embarked.

Unable to follow their example, I patiently awaited some other means for my rescue. Presently the larger boat returned from the island for the fifth time and passed from the stern end of the steamer under that part of the hull where I was stationed. As it approached I let go my hold, and trusting to good fortune that I might hook on to the boat by an arm or a leg, I slipped downwards over the hull. My left leg missed its mark, and it was then, I think, that I received the two gashes in my foot, which for many long weeks afterwards I retained. I fell into the water, but in doing so contrived to hook on by an arm to the gunwale of the boat, and in this condition and by swimming a little with my legs, I was soon hauled in head foremost by one of the fishermen.

By this means I was safely landed. My feet were greatly swollen and bleeding, especially my left foot; but all sense of feeling had long since deserted me, and I experienced no pain.

Two men supported me in their arms and endeavored to restore animation. While they were doing so I clasped my hands and thanked God aloud for my deliverance. One of the fishermen, who of course did not understand the language in which my words were uttered, called to a messmate and said:

"I say, Johnny, here's a fellow talking gibberish. He's gone clean mad, you bet."

I soon assured him in his own language that I was in my right senses.

"Well, then, Johnny," said he, "take off your socks, if you have any with you, and put them on this gentleman, for he can't walk, and that's a fact."

Johnny obeyed, and afterwards assisted one of the men to convey me to the house of a fisherman named O'Brien, who is also the magistrate of the Gulls Head Island. O'Brien and his daughter were very kind, and provided tea and bread and butter for all the passengers who arrived at their humble dwelling. We numbered upwards of a hundred and fifty at the fisherman's house; but we were all men, for every woman had perished in the wreck, and only one boy, a lad of fourteen, was saved.

While the tea was preparing, I succeeded in drying by the fire and smoking one of my cigarettes. After the six or seven hours of suffering which I had just experienced, that little cigarette was a luxury ever to be remembered. And shall I never forget the hot cup of tea and bread and butter which followed?

After partaking of this (as it then seemed to me) princely fare, the captain of the ill-fated steamer walked in, and finding how many shipwrecked people were billeted on O'Brien, he said that some of us must be removed to another locality. I and some others were accordingly conducted to another house, where we were again regaled with tea and bread and butter. But after partaking of that second meal I was shown into a bed-room, where I soon threw off my damp clothes and retired for the night. And what a night!

On the following morning, at three o'clock, came the welcome news that some steamers for our conveyance from the island had arrived from Halifax, and shortly after we were on board one, called the Delta.

In due course we landed at Halifax, and some of our party were taken to a hotel in that city. There I was visited by Dr. J——, who examined my feet, and declared that my left foot showed

signs of gangrene. Dr. W—, another physician of the town, however, differed, and undertook to cure my feet by the application of carbonized oil.

Next day, accompanied by my friends and fellow-sufferers, Welch and Kew, and a servant who had been saved from the wreck, I left Halifax in a small steamer, and after a peaceful voyage of two nights and a day landed at Portland.

Thanks to the carbonized oil prescribed by Dr. W—, the much-dreaded gangrene never appeared.

At Portland we went on to Boston. My servant Tom assisted by some laborers who willingly volunteered their services, carried me in turn from the steamer to the train. In a few short hours we arrived at Boston, and after breakfasting at Tremont Hotel, where payment was generously refused by the landlord, I bade adieu to my friends Welch and Kew, whose destination was in another direction, and took the train for New York and home.

RIVAL LOVE SONNETS.

(From the French.)

I.

TOUCHING JOB.

BY BENSERADE.

Poor Job, involved in countless woes,
Will tell you here his harrowing tale;
And yet that history, he knows,
To move your gentle heart may fail.

Yet will he lay his troubles bare,
His gloomy portrait he will paint;
And you the type shall witness there
Of one who makes as sad a plaint.

His sufferings, I confess, were great;
And yet I know another man,
In modern times, whose bitter fate
Comes near as any mortal's can.

His patience was incredible;
Yet there exists upon this globe
One who outstrips (you know him well)
The patience and the pains of Job.

II.

TO URANIA.

BY VOITURE.

Urania, heavenly maid, will be my bane,
Nor time nor absence heals my bosom's smart;
And now, far past all *Æsculapian* art,
Like one long prisoned, I adore my chain.

I see my fate in that cold loveless eye,
Yet see the beauties that are killing me,
And cannot hate the lovely tyranny;
Can only hug my martyrdom—and die.

I summon Reason calm for my defence,
And for a while she seems to lend me aid;
Then, gazing on Urania—heavenly maid—
Straight sides with her, like every other sense.

"I WILL COME."

Madame Jouvin did not live in Paris, but in a little chateau not far from that gay city, where her husband, Monsieur Jouvin, thought her safer than in the gay metropolis.

Of course Monsieur was master in his own house, but Madame loved Paris—its shops, its plays, its operas, its gay promenades, its Bois de Boulogne, its delightful atmosphere of bustle and hilarity.

Madame would willingly have left her peaceful chateau for ever, had Monsieur been of her own mind.

But he was enchanted with the country, and thought it charming to find his wife at her embroidery on the little balcony, whenever he returned from what he called that *triste* city where he transacted business.

Always when the hour of his home-coming arrived Madame sat there, in a becoming toilette, a red rose in her black hair, or a bunch of blue forget-me-nots in her bosom.

She was wise in her generation, and never told him that she found the chateau dull; neither did she hint that at times she found him very, very dull also.

She was a young woman, this Madame Jouvin—a tropical sort of creature, with wonderful black eyes and crimson cheeks.

He was an old man, frigid and grey-headed, heavy, slow and plain.

He had been married in his youth, and had been a childless widower many years, when one day he went into the shop in which Mademoiselle Justine sold gloves, to buy a pair.

She tried them on for him.

The saleswomen do that for any man in Paris.

She fitted on the fingers, and patted down the back, and buttoned it about the wrist of his knobby, old, blue-veined hand with her own little dimpled, velvety, brown fingers, and then declared, with her eyes fixed full upon his own that it fitted charmingly.

Old Jouvin bought more than gloves that day, and paid in other coin than money.

In a word, he fell in love with little Justine.

Le Roux, and went home with his old heart beating delightfully.

He patronised the glover to a remarkable extent that month, and married Justine the next.

He married her for pure love.

She married him solely for his money.

When they had been married a year, Monsieur felt that it would be better to live out of town.

He was not jealous, but it would be better, So the chateau and the pretty picture of Madame waiting for Monsieur, her husband, in the twilight, with the roses in her hair.

But there were other pictures, too.

Madame could not always be expected to be alone.

Visitors are not unusual things a few miles from town, and a married lady may do what a single one may not.

Sometimes Madame received M. Octave Deveaux at lunch.

Afterwards they walked in the garden, or sat together in the little summer house, where Madame was rather pleased to hear Octave declare that he was desolate when he remembered that she was not Mademoiselle.

He was handsome, this Octave; young, like himself; ardent and merry.

Sometimes Madame used to figure to herself how different it would be to have a husband who, like herself, loved Paris and its amusement; who, instead of lazy dressing-gown and slippers, and great armchair, would like nothing better than to dance all night, and end at daylight with a little supper.

She believed that, having met her, as good old M. Jouvin did, Octave would have offered his hand and heart to her. She was mistaken.

It was very well to make love to pretty Madame Jouvin; nay, should she become a widow with a fine fortune, M. Octave might indeed offer her his hand.

But the poor girl behind a glove counter would never have won his honoured attentions.

He had half a dozen little affairs of the heart on his hands at once, and, gallant and handsome as he was, had not as much good in his whole body as old Jouvin had in one of those knobby hands of his.

Jouvin had never been gallant, but about his life there was, after all, a sort of beauty.

He had honored his mother and his first wife, and through them all women; and about his heart, as he sat in his easy chair, in his big dressing-gown and slippers, hovered a certain sweetness akin to the freshness of youth's love, as the odor of dried rose leaves is to that of new-blown roses.

There had never been any freshness in any of Octave's loves, and there was poison at their heart.

If Madame had only known and seen the very truth, perhaps that little tableau that the pleasant twilight so often looked upon had been something more than a picture.

It was partly because of M. Octave that M. Jouvin had moved to the chateau.

Such a man as that should not flutter around his wife.

She was too innocent to know, but he knew well what he was.

Of course Madame never mentioned to her husband that M. Octave ever called.

Celestine, the maid, kept the secret, and had half-worn gowns galore.

These calls were all that relieved the monotony of Madame's life.

France is a country where embraces are common still.

Perhaps Monsieur would not have cared to see those two exchange kisses when they parted.

It had come to that at last; to that and a rubbish of romance that Madame took for gospel truth.

And so, one day, when they sauntered down the long, pleasant grove to where his horse was tied beside the gate, he said to her—

"Ah, Justine! seven long, dreadful days before we meet again."

And she whispered—

"And how they would fly if we spent them together! Are you sure you will come this day week?"

"On this hour, this day week, if I live," he said.

"Don't say such horrible things," said she.

"Well, alive or dead, then," he laughed.

She gave a little scream.

He smothered it with a kiss.

"Au revoir!" he cried, and rode away.

She went to her balcony to wait for Monsieur, her husband.

Seven days.

How eventless they often are!

How much is crowded into them at other times!

Six of these days that followed were mere days of eating, and sleeping, and returning to his chateau, to M. Jouvin.

On the seventh, a terrible thing came to him.

It was the woeful day of his life; but he did not know it.

He arose and dressed as usual.

He sauntered in his garden, and rejoiced in the budding of the hawthorn.

He told Madame that she was fresher than the flowers, and drove away in his little gig in the highest spirits possible.

He made a good bargain that day, and felt pleased by it, as was but natural.

At noon he strolled into a *café*, to take some refreshment.

It was a quiet little place, and in the room he

entered were only two men, waiting at a little table to be served.

One was M. Octave.

They only bowed to each other.

But, after the business of eating was over, the old merchant was not churlish enough to depart without further salutation.

"It is a fine day, sir," he said to M. Octave.

"Very fine, sir," said Octave; "and you who live in the country see it at its best."

"Yes," said old Jouvin, "there you are right.

It was a pretty picture as I drove away this morning. My little chateau on the river bank, the hawthorn in the garden, and my wife smiling at me over the gate from among her flowers. There is peace and purity in the country, monsieur. It is a happy place to live."

He bowed and went out.

The young man sauntered towards a window.

"Poor old fellow," laughed Octave, in a low, boasting voice; "I wonder what he would say if he knew how often I have kissed his wife amongst those flowers in his peaceful country garden—ha! ha!"

The laugh had not passed his lips when he fell to the ground, senseless and bleeding.

Monsieur Jouvin had returned for his cane, which he had left behind him.

He had heard his words, and in his rage had seized a bottle of wine that stood upon the table and broke it over his head.

"He uttered lies about my wife," he said, as the throng from the outer room gathered about them; "lies, gentlemen—audacious lies!"

One among the crowd, who was a surgeon, knelt down beside the wounded man.

He held his watch in one hand, and put a finger of the other upon Octave's pulse.

The hands of the watch pointed to half-past twelve.

Then he dropped the hand and the watch, and thrust his hand in under the embroidered shirt over the heart that, a few moments before, was beating like all the other hearts there.

"Mon Dieu! the man is dead!" he cried.

It was half-past four.

Madame, in the garden of her peaceful chateau, looked over the little fence from amongst the flowers, down the long, white, dusty road.

She was disappointed.

Octave had not come; nor did she hear the clatter of his horse's hoofs from afar.

"I doubt if it is coming," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Oh, these men, are they all alike?"

But as she turned she saw Octave standing near her.

"Ah, you have come!" she cried. "Did you arrive by the train?"

"I don't know," he said, in a dreamy sort of way. "I am here. I said I would come, and I am here."

He was very pale, and, now that she looked at him more closely, she saw that his hair and dress were dishevelled.

"Octave," she whispered, a strange terror creeping over her, "are you ill? Have you met with some accident?"

"I said I would come dead or alive," he answered, in the same low monotone. "I am here."

Madame would have screamed if she could; but she was voiceless.

She supported herself by the garden gate.

She tried to ask again if he had met with some accident, but she could only gasp.

Then slowly, quietly, with a motion that thrilled her with an agony of horror, she saw him turn the back of his head towards her.

A great cut lay across it, and the blood dropped, dropped, dropped.

Madame knew no more.

At last she was lying in the garden path, and Celestine and a strange man were trying to raise her to her feet.

"Why did you not seek for your mistress sooner?" she heard the man ask. "An attentive maid you must be certainly."

"I did not think Madame wanted me," said the maid, flippantly. "I have never known Madame to faint before. But come, this is no time to tell her ill news."

"What is the news?" gasped Madame.

"Be tranquil, Madame," said the man. "It is only that Monsieur will not be home to-night; but Monsieur is well."

"There is something more," she said.

"A little arrest; that is all. The law will not permit Monsieur to return home to-night."

"He is arrested! and for what?" screamed Madame.

"Betranchill, Madame," cried the man again. "Do not disturb yourself. Monsieur has had the misfortune to kill young Monsieur Octave Deveaux."

Then Celestine screamed—

"Madame faints again! Wretched man, I told you so!"

It was for a very brief time that they sentenced Monsieur Jouvin, I believe; but he was old, and died in prison.

As for Madame, she lies in a darker grave than his—the madhouse.

Her cheeks are crimson, as of yore, her eyes as black, but her cheeks are thin and hollow.

She is generally very quiet, but now and then, at the most unexpected moment, she will start to her feet and stand staring at something unseen by other eyes than hers.



"THE HOUR BUT NOT THE MAN."—By T. W. HOLYOAKE



AN ALGERIAN MOTHER.—By C. BRUN.

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THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1874.

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MARRIAGE AND LONGEVITY.

Of all the relations into which a man enters, marriage is that which exerts most influence on his mind and body, on his powers of study, on the development of his affections, on the bringing forth of all the hidden qualities of his character. The intellectual element in his nature, without the softening and humanizing effect of domestic love, might, at first sight, be expected to absorb the whole man, and render him a giant in achievements. Practically, it has, as a rule, no such effect. It is beneficial to the most active minds to have the current of thought occasionally broken in upon, and diverted from the channel of systematic investigation into the calm, sweet delights of home-life, of wife, of children, of playful sportiveness, which gives to man in his period of greatest force something of the careless frame of mind which gave freshness to his childhood. Marriage, therefore, should be regarded in general, as a help to long life, and should be called in to a man's assistance as soon as he has completed, or nearly completed, his studies — we say nearly completed, because, in many cases, the companionship of a wife is of great service in directing and giving a higher aim to the intellectual force. Some are of opinion that the contracting of marriage ought to be deferred till the fervor of passion is over, till youth has lost its bloom, till the companionship of woman is rather desirable as a friendship than as a source of love. Aristotle thought that eighteen years for the woman and thirty-five for the man were the likeliest periods respectively to insure happiness in marriage; but the Spartans, whose institutions had been framed by one of the loftiest intellects ever concerned in the business of legislation, acted on a different principle, thinking that persons of nearly the same age would love each other more ardently and harmonize better together.

As a rule, early marriages are better than late ones, better for the woman especially, whose maternal duties are less exhausting to the constitution, more productive of health and beauty to the offspring, and of happiness all around her, than at a later period of life. Tacitus observes that the ancient Germans, the most robust and war-like nation with which he was acquainted, eschewed early marriages; but, when he comes to explain what he means by the phrase, we find that he thinks it late enough to defer marriage to the age of twenty. Charles James Fox, who was perhaps as good a judge as Tacitus, brought into the House an act for fixing the majority of woman at fifteen, and in the speech with which he introduced it, put forward reasons which the country in general thought conclusive, though the legislature did not. As one swallow does not make a summer, so neither is one example sufficient to serve as

a basis for a general conclusion; yet it is worthy of remark that one of the most extraordinary instances of longevity among women, recorded in Roman history, is that of Clodia, who died at the age of one hundred and fifteen years, and in her youth had been the mother of fifteen children.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

"No company, or good company," was a motto given by a distinguished man to all his young friends. It was a motto he had always endeavored to follow as far as lay in his power, and it was a very wise one.

Another man, of high position in the world, made it a rule to associate with high-minded, intelligent men, rather than with fashionable idlers; and he said he had derived more intellectual improvement from them than from all the books he ever read.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton often spoke of the great benefits he had derived from his visits to a particular family. Their words and example stimulated him to make the most of his powers. "It has given a color to my whole life," he said. Speaking of his success at the university, he remarked, "I can ascribe it to nothing but my visits to this family, where I caught the infection of self-improvement."

Surely, if our visits have such an influence upon our characters for life, it should be a matter of serious importance to us in what families we allow ourselves to be intimate. Boys and girls form attachments very easily, and often with very little forethought. In this, as in all things else, you should not fail to take advice of those who are older and wiser, and never, never choose for a friend one against whom you have been warned by those who dearly love you. There are people whose very presence seems to lift you up into a better higher atmosphere. Choose such associates whenever it is in your power, and the more you can live in their society the better, for both mind and heart. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

LAUGHING CHILDREN.

Give me (says a writer) the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena, from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame, and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate, and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman-girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing and as merry as the birds, the wide-awake birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching, and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles, and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

A YOUNG blacksmith wrote his advertisement, stating that all orders in his business would be promptly executed. By mistake it was printed, "All others in this business will be promptly executed." An old blacksmith, on seeing the notice, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Has it come to this, after thirty years of honest toil? Law me! Well!" (Young printers, be careful, and don't frighten the old folks.)

NEW STYLE.—An Eton boy went into Bath during the vacation to have his hair cut. The tonsor knew Mr. Charles, and was delighted to see Mr. Charles. "And now, Mr. Charles," said he, flourishing his professional weapon, "which is it to be—the town style, sir, or the country style, sir?" "Well, John," replied the youngster, "as we live four miles out of town, suppose you cut it in the four-miles-out-of-town style."

A CONUNDRUM.—Jones had worried Smith with conundrums very often, and now it was Smith's turn. "Guess what I did last night," said Smith. Jones thought of sundry improbable things, and suggested the making of a speech, the doing of a kindness, the getting himself into the station-house, and finally gave up the conundrum in despair. "Well," said Smith, in a triumphant tone, "I slept!"

A SCREW.—The Honorable Algernon Fitzboodle is blessed with a father who is one of the greatest "screws" that ever walked London streets. He has worn from his youth upwards the same great-coat, the cloth of which has become as shiny as the steel of a Life-guardsman's breastplate. The young man, horrified to see his father such a scarecrow, conceived the other day an ingenious stratagem to renew the old gentleman's wardrobe. He ordered of his tailor a first-rate great-coat, costing from six to seven guineas, and commissioned an itinerant Jew clothesman to take it to his father and sell it him very cheap.

"Ha, my boy," said the parent to his son, the morning after his purchase, "I have done a good stroke of business. Yesterday I bought a beautiful great-coat for fifteen shillings, and this morning I sold it again for thirty!"

KEEPING ONE'S TEMPER.—When M. de Perigny was French Minister of the Interior, he received a visit one day from a friend, who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them. Suddenly an usher entered, and handed the Minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice, and assumed a quiet and urbane manner. Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and by the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the Minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it! More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave, and proceeded to interrogate the usher, to whom, he was well known, for he himself had been Minister of the Interior. "You have," said he, "just handed to the Minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?" "Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very warm, and very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the ante-room, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope, and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and immediately carried out my instructions."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PET."

Thanks, M. Jourdain, for this very pleasing picture! Criticism the most savage must be disarmed before so graceful a presentation of a pretty naive little sempstress; so patient and pensive, gathering about her for companionship her flowers and her favorite to help while away the time over the lonely "stitch, stitch, stitch." She must be as gentle as she is pretty, or her favorite would not be sleeping in such perfect confidence on her lap. Has the gentle reader a favorite of this kind—one of the large and beautiful cats, with long silken coats, white as snow, and great bushy tails, variously called Persian and Angora cats? If so, he or she will enjoy the picture far more. These cats, which are more common in France than here, have some strange, inscrutable peculiarities. Many of them have eyes of the softest, purest azure, and this species is invariably, we believe, perfectly deaf, or appear. The writer of this had a cat of this sort. But it had only one blue eye, the other being a light greenish brown, yet it never gave the least indication of hearing; it would only take cognisance of noises that produced a near concussion of the air or vibration of the floor. Nevertheless, it was hard to believe that this creature had not some mysterious sixth sense, so perfectly well acquainted did it appear to be with everything that went on in the house that need concern a cat. Of course, our favorite was a beauty, too; and certainly a more docile, affectionate sagacious pussy never lived. The moment her mistress went out "Lily" would plant herself on a table at the window and there stay till her mistress's return. Her knock it must have known, like a dog, for the cat was at the door the moment the sound was heard, though she would take no notice of anybody else's summons, and—which was one of the many mysteries of this cat's deafness—she would rush to the door equally if she did not and could not see her mistress's approach. At length Lily was left at home for nearly a week. The first two days she spent on the hall-form, whence she could not be enticed; the remainder of the time she hid herself away behind a piece of furniture, and neither persuasion nor force could induce the poor animal to take food, she only lapped a little milk towards the last. At length came the welcome knock, and with it Lily's appetite and happiness; but ever after she testified great uneasiness whenever her mistress's bonnet was produced.

AN ALGERIAN MOTHER."

The Kabyles of Algeria have many peculiar domestic and personal habits, amongst which, as shown in Mr. C. Brun's picture, is the use of a singular cradle for babies, hung by ropes from the opposite walls of a room. The cradle, which is light, though strong, being made of a few bamboo rods firmly tied together, may be easily rocked or swung by means of a cord in the hand of mother or nurse sitting at her work on the floor below it; and the child is kept well out of harm's way. It may safely be left, if the mother have occasion to go out of the room, for the bands crossing the child's body will prevent its getting out of the cradle, which cannot possibly fall unless hooks or ropes give way. In case a similar contrivance should be introduced into our nurseries, the old rhyme would seem more appropriate:—

Hushaby, baby, upon the tree top!
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the tree breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby, and cradle, and all!

NEWS NOTES.

Cardwell, late War Secretary, becomes Viscount Cardwell.

The French exhibition to be held in 1875 is a private enterprise.

The Peabody trustees report the expenditures for the year 1873 amounted to \$195,000.

Despatches received from the upper lake ports indicate unusually early opening of navigation.

A New York Company claim to have discovered extensive gold mines in the island of French Guiana.

It is said that the new Parliament immediately after assembling will adjourn for a fortnight or three weeks.

The Queen's Speech will probably recommend a grant of money for the relief of sufferers by the famine in Bengal.

The Queen and her Ministers have sent despatches to General Sir Garnet Wolseley congratulating him on his success.

It is officially announced that the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride, accompanied by the Queen, will enter London on the 12th March.

A despatch from Wilkesbarre says great consternation has been caused by an extensive cave in at the Empire Mine. Families are leaving the vicinity.

President Serrano and Admiral Topete, Minister of Marine, left Madrid for the North. Zabala will act as President during the absence from the capital of Señor Serrano.

The special correspondent of the *News* in India telegraphs that the villagers of Eastern Tirkoot are slowly starving to death, and the future in other districts looks terribly ominous.

An Havana letter states the Madrid Government disapproves of Jovellar's late proclamation, and will soon send ex-Captain-General Concha to resume command of the island of Cuba.

General Custer writes from Fort Lincoln that the projected prospecting expedition from Bozeman, Montana, will, he thinks, embarrass military operations and precipitate the difficulty.

A despatch dated March 3, from St. Jean de Luse, a French town eleven miles south-west of Bayonne, says the Carlists kept up a steady bombardment on Bilbao during the last three days.

The sale of the Conservative Republican journal *Le XXe Siècle* has been prohibited, because of a publication in its columns of an article insulting to M. Buffet, President of the National Assembly.

A petition has been presented to the Washington Senate from New York merchants representing \$500,000,000 of capital, condemning the late issue of notes, and asking for its immediate retirement.

Despatches from the naval fleet state that orders have been received from Washington yesterday, to continue the naval exercises until April 15. The fleet are now *en route* for Key West for coal.

A conference of leading workmen representing 80,000 of their class in the west of England was held at Bristol. A resolution was adopted favoring the settlement by arbitration of all international disputes.

A demonstration is anticipated in Paris on the 16th inst. in favor of Napoleon the Fourth, who becomes of age to govern on that day, and it is said that the ex-Empress Eugenie is in Paris plotting a Bonapartist manifestation.

The Police Commissioners of Columbus, Ohio, have asked the City Council to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors within corporate limits, pledging themselves to see the law enforced. Whiskey dealers are already beginning to feel the effects of the movement.

It is reported that the Chinese Government notified Foreign Ministers at Pekin that it cannot guarantee the safety of the lives of Foreigners residing at Tientsin, and that the naval authorities have been requested to send war vessels to Tientsin to insure their protection.

An Havana letter states the order from Spain removing the embargo from American estates has not been carried out, and the authorities, being pressed by the United States Government in demanding the release of these estates, have added such enormous taxes to them that the owners will be forced to sell or abandon their property.

In the Reichstag a motion is under discussion to deprive the Governor of Alsace of the power to declare a state of siege. Prince Bismarck made a speech against the motion. He declared he never expected Alsace would greet our institutions with applause. Alsace shared the responsibility of the war. The motion was rejected by a vote of 130 to 196 nays.

The trial of the Tichborne claimant, on charges of perjury committed during the trial for the possession of the estate, which has been in progress for 180 days, was brought to a close on the 28 ult., with the conviction of the accused. The jury, after being out a short time, brought in a verdict of guilty of all the charges, and the claimant was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. There was great excitement over the verdict.

RETROSPECT.

We were wandering, you and I,
In the grove beneath the hill,
Faint as any zephyr's sigh,
Came the sounds from Bowen mill.

And a little Prattling stream,
Just beneath us, on did creep,
Drowsy nature, half a dream.
Sang or murmured in its sleep.

And your voice was sweet and low,
Tuned to nature's softened mood,
Like the cadence in its flow,
Of the music in the wood.

Soft and low you breathed to me
Loving words; I thought them true,
And in turn, and trustingly,
I confessed my love for you.

How you changed I will not say,
All I cannot now repeat,
And I would not bring, to-day,
Forth the pain of hope's defeat.

But you changed. We wandered wide,
Silence dwelt betwixt us twain;
Now, once more, you seek my side,
And you ask my love again.

Time, you say, its lesson taught,
That alone you love me yet;
Time, to me, has also brought
Lessons I cannot forget.

In my heart with painful throes,
Love for you once passed away;
Can you waken its repose,
Giving it sweet life to-day?

Ah! to give what you would take,
Would but be an effort vain:
It, for you, can ne'er awake—
Love, once dead, ne'er lives again.

A MYSTERY.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Porson in confidence to herself, with a significant glance through the open door leading to the dining-room, "that man is what I should call a mystery!"

Mrs. Porson was the landlady of "The Eagle," a comfortable tavern nestling among the Hampshire hills, and the person for whom she had deliberately selected her epithet was her lodger.

He sat, as she spoke, with his back toward her and the open door. He faced a window whence his eyes looked forth in a wistful, soulful way upon the landscape—the June hills, with here and there a blue pond like a jewel, the clouds brushing like white wings across the surface of the scene.

He was a man of middle age, a gentleman—at least as far as appearances went. His dark hair was prematurely streaked with gray; his eyes were restless and hungry; his whole air one of self-command and equipoise.

"Well, mother," said a portly man, just entering the back door, "his luggage has come, and letters by the mail."

"Then he means to stop?"

"I think so."

"Has he got his letters?"

"Yes, I told Joe to take 'em in."

The subject of the above conversation—Mr. Rhett Falconer—had made himself, unwittingly, an object of interest, to speak mildly, in and about Hillbush. He come thither one summer morning, with no incumbrance save his trout-basket, rod and reels, and put up at "The Eagle."

As a lodger he had but one fault, he could not be got acquainted with—that is, according to the Hillbush standard. That standard demanded an explicit detail of one's personal affairs, and in well-bred fashion Mr. Falconer turned a deaf ear toward all innuendoes or inquiries leading to such an exposure. Either he did not understand that it was customary for a stranger to "say his catechism," or, understanding, would not comply. Which Mrs. Porson intended soon to ascertain.

In the meantime, Mr. Falconer had received his letters, and hastily broken the seal of one addressed delicately in a woman's hand.

"My darling" ran the letter—"I reply without delay to say how truly happy your letter made me. You say you felt a "mysterious drawing" towards Hillbush. I myself believe in such instincts. In our lovely home, free to cultivate our tastes, to worship nature, to enjoy ourselves, why should we not be happy, apart from and independent of the world? There will be vulgar curiosity to defy anywhere. As well confront it in a place which pleases you, owing to location, etc., as to look elsewhere. So, once for all, I would say, consult your own inclinations entirely. If you are happy, I shall be so, as I am."

"Yours devotedly,
R. FALCONER."

There was a soft smile in the man's eyes as he finished reading and folded his letter. It was still there when Mrs. Porson came in to see if Mr. Falconer would have anything more for breakfast.

"It have fared sumptuously, my dear madam," he replied, and his happy eyes did not escape her, nor the chirography of the letter in his hand; "but I am glad to see you, to inquire if you could accommodate a lady who may wish to come here for a few days."

"A lady," repeated Mrs. Porson, slowly, and her eyes narrowed, and her lips pursed. An unexplained man was bad enough, but an unexplained woman! Mrs. Porson felt her professional and matronly reputation at stake. "Well, you see, sir, yours is the best room in the house; you'd want another for the lady?"

"Certainly." Mr. Falconer got up. "It is of no great consequence. I suppose I can get partially settled within a week"—as if to himself. Then quietly to Mrs. Porson, "I shall be a neighbour instead of a guest within a few days, I am going to live a mile or two out, on the Chalkstone road. I believe the place is called 'The Cedars.'"

In relating the conversation afterwards Mrs. Porson declared she felt as if she "could have dropped." Certainly she turned very red.

"Upon my word, sir, I am glad you like us so well," she managed to say.

"I like yo' very much," smiled Mr. Falconer. "My mother and I think we shall settle down here for life."

"Ah, indeed, sir. 'The Cedars.' A pretty place, but it wants a handful of money and a power of help. But you know your own business, sir."

"I trust we shall make it comfortable."

"No doubt, sir, no doubt. When you said a lady, Mr. Falconer, I didn't know but you meant your wife. You must excuse me."

He smiled seriously.

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Porson, for not having any wife."

"There be gentlemen who get their cage first, and then their bird," ventured the landlady.

Mr. Falconer's face, however, announced that the conversation was at an end, and, leaving Mrs. Porson to lament, he took his way without, toward the office where the titled-dead of "The Cedars" lay waiting the signatures.

"By the way, Mr. Falconer," remarked the lawyer who had officiated in the purchase, as the two stood, somewhat later upon the office steps, "there and two of your future neighbors—your nearest neighbors, I believe—just entering the opposite shop."

Mr. Falconer glanced carelessly across the way.

"Women!" he assented, in a tone whose civil disgust the lawyer detected.

"Yes; lone women at that," he replied, with a low laugh, "but a little different from the general run, to do them justice. Channings. You know the Channings?" He paused, and Mr. Falconer bowed. "These are the last, and none too soon. Queer, sir, how these old families go to seed. One of these Channings was a lawyer for three or four generations. Then Guy Channing, that young woman's grand father, clever lawyer, high liver, began to make things fly, and her father finished what his father began. I suspect the women folks are pretty poor, but they hold their heads high as the best. The girl's a beauty."

Mr. Falconer's face had evinced some slight interest while the lawyer was speaking, until he uttered the last words. At these a determined indifference shut down over it like a visor. What had he to do with a woman who was young, beautiful and unfortunate?

Deborah Channing did not look the last as she stood, the unconscious object of the foregoing description, waiting for her mother to complete her transactions in early cucumbers, eggs and calice. She looked simply handsome and happy. Feminine Hillbush did not admit her beauty. She was too large, and her hair was red, absolutely red; and she was proud. In short, Miss Channing was unpopular.

Worse than all, she knew Greek and Latin, and would harness a horse or drive a cow just like a boy. None of these atrocities appeared, however, as she stood there in the morning sunshine, oblivious to the fact that Nicholas Dale, who, as usual, had driven them to town that day, was waiting to join her at her pleasure.

"The Eagle" adjoined the shop, and Mr. Porson, perceiving Deborah, put on her bonnet, and hastened over with her news.

"Good morning, Miss Channing. There's great doings up your way, I hear."

"Ah?" said the young lady, turning her brilliant gray eyes upon Mrs. Porson's red face. "I know of nothing new in our neighborhood."

"What! You don't know that 'The Cedars' is sold to a rich bachelor, and he's moving in, with his mother to keep house for him?"

"I had not heard," said the girl, lazily.

"What are you saying, Mrs. Porson?" inquired young Dale, coming forward at the opportunity.

The landlady winked facetiously.

"The young men up your way'll have to look out for themselves now. You're going to have a new neighbor—been boarding with us for a few days. He's as handsome as a pister, and about as set up as anybody. An old bachelor, and rich enough to buy up Hillbush."

Mrs. Porson embellished and repeated her news to Mrs. Channing, who, however much interested, was hurried, and reluctantly followed her daughter, after a moment's pause.

The phaeton, drawn by the rough Dale sires, was jogging quietly out of the villa, when the crack tea n of Hillbush dashed rather ostentatiously by. There were two gentlemen in the vehicle.

"That must be him now," said Nicholas.

"Which?" asked Mrs. Channing.

"Who?" asked Deborah.

"Why, the man who's bought 'The Cedars'; not the one driving, the other one of course."

Relays of workmen, plenty of money, in short, to do the magical work, and "The Cedars" underwent rapid transformation, and

Mr. Falconer seemed quite absorbed in his plans and executions.

It was several weeks before his mother came.

"When Mrs. Falconer gets here," said the gossips, "we shall find out who and what they are." But Mrs. Falconer, handsomer, haughtier, less approachable than her son, held the gossips aloof and Hillbush by degrees coincided with Mrs. Porson, and set Mr. Rhett Falconer down as a mystery.

Blissfully unconscious of his classification Mr. Falconer and his mother abandoned themselves to what was evidently a delightful phase in their existence.

"Come what will, mother, we will wander no more. This is our home. We will live down curiosity and enjoy ourselves, despite suspicion."

Mrs. Falconer sat in her great chair on the porch! her son, with his cigar, on the first step at her feet. She leaned forward, and laid her white, slender hand tenderly, oh, how tenderly upon his head.

"My poor boy!" she said, almost passionately.

He looked up blithely.

"You need not pity me, mother, now. I am happy."

"Oh, Rhett! it is the world I pity for losing you."

"It will never know its loss," he said, gaily.

The woman sighed. How brilliant and honoured, how beloved and courted, he ought to have been! Instead of that, exiled, preyed upon by suspicions, hunted down. It was too unjust. This is what she was thinking.

Meanwhile Deborah Channing with her daily work, had little time to indulge her curiosity concerning her new neighbors, even if curiosity belonged to her temper and blood. There was very little poetry in this work—two women making their living off a few stony acres, unaided, except as Nicholas Dale ploughed and reaped their grain. But in the long, restful afternoons, from her window she saw the "heavily laden wains" go by to "The Cedars," and wondered over the luxury of the life such possessions involved.

It was only a passing wonder, however, and might never have borne the smallest fruit, but for an accident whereon the mystery of Rhett Falconer's fortunes hinged.

Mrs. Channing was churning early one morning—so early that there was still only a blooming promise of sunrise in the east; and Deborah, at the critical moment when the butter was like to come, had gone with her bucket to a spring across the road, and was returning with the icy cool water needed in the dairy when she espied in the dust two richly bound books. She lifted them, and glanced at the titles—"David Copperfield," and "Old Curiosity Shop"—new and unknown names to her.

There was nothing to indicate the owner, but she had no doubt that they had fallen from a chest of books which had gone by in Mr. Falconer's wagon the preceding afternoon.

"What shall I do about them, mother?" she asked, having explained her discovery.

"Dress yourself by-and-by, and carry them home. It is an excellent excuse for getting acquainted."

"Oh, mother! I would not thrust myself upon strangers so for the world. I almost wish I had left them in the dust. But that would not have been fair. And, since I have them, I must not keep them, or make their return a matter of any import. I will take them back at once. No one but the servants will be up." And she turned directly to fulfill her resolution.

The sun was rising as she walked up the road. The mists rolled away in filmy gold from the emerald hills; every spear glittered; every bird sang with a mad joy. Deborah knew every phase of this marvellous hour; she could feel its thrill while her eyes went glancing over the pages of the books she carried.

Straight on to "The Cedars" she went, devouring snatches of that tenderest and sweetest of stories; straight up to the very house, towards the side entrance of times gone by, and, stopping mechanically, lifted her eyes and found her bearings altogether false.

There was no longer a side entrance, at least not here. A low, broad flight of steps, long French windows, a wide room, panelled, fitted with rows of shelves, a confusion of books, and, in the foreground, as it were, of the picture, a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves smoking, and having apparently paused in his work among books to enjoy the outdoor splendor, out of which Deborah Channing, with her red-gold hair, her sumptuous height, and large, free tread, seemed to appear like an incarnate Aurora.

She glanced at him more coolly than he at her.

"I have found a couple of volumes in the road, which I suppose belong to Mr. Falconer," she said, closing and holding them out.

"Yes, they are mine," he answered, courteously, "I am under many obligations."

He took them, and she bowed and turned away.

"You were reading as you approached," he remarked, with some hesitation. "Have you never read 'David Copperfield'?"

"I have not."

"Let me beg you to do so then," and he offered to return the volume.

"Thank you. I have not much time for reading novels."

"Allow me to say it is a great misfortune not to find time."

"I fear I should have to keep it too long," was her rejoinder. "And, beside, if you begin to lend your books, sir, you will find yourself the owner of a circulating library. Good morning."

She turned away, and on the instant an ugly

mastiff, whose eye had been following her movements, sprang before her with a growl.

"Dare!" said Mr. Falconer, in a low tone, which might have cowed a lion, and he stepped to Deborah's side.

The dog cringed as if he had had a blow, and was slinking away.

"Did he frighten you?"

"Not inasmuch as you were so near," she said.

"Permit me to walk with you to the road. Come, Dare. We owe this lady our gratitude, not our growls. What may I call you, madam?"

"My name is Deborah Channing, your next neighbor."

"This is Miss Channing, Dare, you understand, sir."

Dare gave a short bark. Deborah extended her hand toward her new acquaintance's head, whereat he attached himself to her side.

"It has been my misfortune, Miss Channing, to have to defend myself against the too keen interest and solicitude of my fellow-men. Dare has been one of my means of defence."

"Ah!" said Deborah, quietly. "I hope Dare will forget that he has been obliged to attend to my case. I hope you will forget it, also, Mr. Falconer. If I had a servant, I should not have done my own errand. At this hour I trust you will acquit me of any intention of making a call expressive of either solicitude or interest."

Mr. Falconer crimsoned at her sarcasm. And as she ceased speaking they reached the gate. He laid his hand quickly upon it.

"Miss Channing, you have done me a kindness, and I have received it like a dog. I cannot let you go with the impression you must have of me."

"I am not quick at impressions, Mr. Falconer, and mother is waiting breakfast for me."

"In that case it is to your interest to succumb quickly," he smiled. "You must accept the loan of 'David Copperfield,' in token that you have no opinion of me at all."

"There is no token needed. But if you keep me a minute more there may be, and either case precludes my taking the book."

He bowed without a word and opened the gate for her.

"Good morning, Mr. Falconer."

"Shortly, Miss Channing, I am going to ascertain where you live, that I may have the pleasure of bringing 'David Copperfield' over by-and-by."

"Mr. Falconer," she said, demurely, "do you think I might borrow Dare?"

books and horses, his land to look after, I am sure he has enough to content him."

"You think so, Miss Channing?" said a deep, rich voice from the foot of the stairs which the ladies were descending. "Should you be contented with these and nothing more?" and he smiled a welcome, extending his hand.

"I am contented with much less, Mr. Falconer," she rejoined.

"Yes, the case is different," he muttered.

By Mrs. Falconer's order the tea-table had been laid during their tour of the house, laid for three.

"I want you to taste our raspberries, Mrs. Channing," said Mrs. Falconer. "We are country neighbours, and must not be formal."

"My dear mother, your tea-table looks decidedly informal for a hungry farmer," remarked the son.

"I did not expect a hungry farmer for an hour to come," responded the mother. "Mrs. Channing, let me persuade you and your daughter to sit on the porch for a half-hour, and then share our supper before returning."

"Mr. Falconer declined my hospitality, for fear he should not like its taste," remarked Deborah; "and, besides, dear Mrs. Falconer, it is our milking time."

But Mrs. Channing was less loth to sup at "The Cedars," and Rhett said to Deborah "Please stay," in a tone that made her colour come. In short, they found themselves detained, while the cook, glad of an opportunity to display her skill, served them sumptuously within the hour.

While they were waiting Mr. Falconer took Deborah to the library, saying:

"I want to show you how hard I have worked. My books are placed and catalogued."

"I wish you could see my library," said Deborah; "it is in the garret."

"I should like to see it, but, you know—I never visit."

"Ah," said Deborah, with displeasure.

"See," he said, "here is a little niche I am making for my 'David Copperfield,'"

"Do you, then, value it so highly?"

"Yes, since the other morning when you found it in the dust."

Mrs. Channing and Deborah walked homeward in the starry twilight.

"Most agreeable people, really," remarked the elder lady. "The Dales and the Wheatons will be somewhat surprised to hear of our reception at 'The Cedars,'"

"Oh, mother, pray let us not speak of it."

"Not speak of it! But, well, I don't know but you are right. Some one appreciates you, Deborah, at last, that is evident. Ah, such a settlement as that! dear girl!"

"Mother! I implore you never to hint such a thing again."

"Silly child, of course I shall not hint it all around Hillbush. But it was so evident—his admiration. What harm in speaking of it together?"

"Mr. Falconer may admire me," returned the girl, steadily, "or what seemed admiration may be his usual manner; but—there is something, mother, something about him unlike other men."

Mr. Channing smiled in the dusk. The admiration was reciprocal she conceived.

"We will have them to drink tea with us some day," she remarked. "I think my biscuits are a little lighter, and my jelly a trifle clearer, than even their professed cook can make."

Every one, says Goethe, is drunk, once in a lifetime. Perhaps this night, of all other times, was the one when Deborah was so. A new life had come to her; her idle dreams seemed contemptible, her whole past not worth the living. Over and over again, as she lay awake, she recalled every precious word and look that Rhett Falconer had given her during that memorable afternoon. As yet she had had enough. She counted on nothing, coveted nothing but what she had experienced.

Neither was she suffered to endure the pangs of hope deferred in the coming days. Mr. Falconer did not visit, as he had said, but he contrived some intercourse between the houses for almost every day. He stopped at the gate with a string of trout, or a book, or a bunch of flowers, and, having stopped there, lingered to talk. Or a message came from Mrs. Falconer, begging Miss Channing to fetch her work over "The Cedars" for an hour of an afternoon; and the whole thing went forward so quiet that but one person, outside the two families, suspected the intimacy, or concerned themselves about the consequences.

This one person was Nicholas Dale. A man less slow, less persistent in his passion would have declared his love, and had it rejected years before; for he had adored Deborah since his earliest recollection. He had been her passive slave in their school-days—the patient victim of her caprices since. He was not over-discrediting in most things, but he knew enough not to hazard his chance upon an avowal yet. Carefully avoiding the rôle of a lover, he bided his time.

With the fine instinct of love he now divined this new intimacy and its character. Never hasty, however, he waited and watched. Deborah herself could not have chronicled every incident with more exactitude. And yet she never suspected his jealousy, least of all its result. He continued his visits, on Sunday evenings, just as of old. He was ready and friendly, as he had always been, in neighborly offices. His self-control was the price he laid out to pay for Deborah. For he meant to have her. Nothing in heaven or earth, he said, should take her from him. He was young, good looking, well off, and Deborah had liked him for

years. Should a stranger come between them? —a stranger, who had the poorest of all records, no record at all—who might be a thief, or a gambler, or worse—should he come in and snatch the prize from a worthy and patient wooer? Nicholas Dale's whole will said, No!

The summer came to an end. The dreary, lonesome autumn weather hung heavily over "The Cedars." On one of the dreariest and most lonesome afternoons Nicholas Dale, for the first time, walked up to Mr. Falconer's door, and requested an interview with the master of the place. He was taken to the library where Mr. Falconer was reading alone. He rose and offered his visitor a seat. Nicholas waved him away.

"I have come on business which can be transacted standing. I have come, Mr. Falconer, to know if you have any intention of seeking Deborah Channing in marriage, and, if so, whether your character and antecedents entitle you to woo such a woman?"

It was plainly put, at least. Rhett Falconer almost staggered as he stood. It was so utterly unexpected; it involved what was so painful; above all, it was so coarse.

"It seems to cost you little to put your questions, Mr. Dale. May I inquire—in order that we understand each other—on whose authority you act?"

"My own."

"Upon Miss Channing's knowledge?"

"No."

"Then I deny your right to question me entirely. On what, pray, do you found it?"

"On my love for Deborah Channing, which would outweigh my love of life: and on my suspicion of you, sir, who would come between us."

"Mr. Dale, you overstep the bounds of discretion and breeding. Go you and try your fortune with Miss Channing, as I, if I see fit, will try mine, and excuse me from any farther discussion on the subject to-day."

"Mr. Falconer, you think to carry things with a high hand, but I have come here to make terms to-day. You cannot escape me"—and Nicholas Dale touched the breast pocket of his coat significantly. "I will know who and what you are, and whether or not you love Deborah Channing—or I will kill you."

Rhett Falconer stepped toward the bell-rope for reply, and as he rang Dale, maddened by jealousy and failure, drew his pistol, aimed and fired.

His victim fell, the blood spurting from his mouth.

There was a wild shriek through the house, and in an instant Mrs. Falconer was bending over the prostrate form of her son. Fright and confusion surged through the house, messengers came and went, doctors arrived, and through all Nicholas Dale, having dropped his pistol and sunk upon a couch, covered his face with his hands, and sat there impossible. Somebody thought of him at last—and shuddered. Young Dale a murderer! It was too dreadful to believe. He was taken into custody, however, to await the issue of his act.

Oh, that awaiting! Both for the one who knew now how wildly and wickedly he had acted, and how in any event he had lost Deborah, and for the others—the innocent man stricken and suffering for no fault of his, the distracted mother, watching while life and death hung in the balance.

There were weeks of terrible suspense to all involved. The physicians had little or no hope of M. Falconer's recovery from the first and, when eventually some unfavorable symptoms appeared they broke to him gently his critical condition. He smiled.

"If they knew how little I had to live for," he said to his mother, when they were gone. "But, mother," he continued, "I have a wish which it is time to indulge. I wish to see Deborah Channing."

"It is true, then, Rhett; you love her?"

"What has a dying man to do with love, mother? I am going to tell her my secret."

Deborah came. It was, oh, so cruel, that he should have suffered for her; and she faltered something to that effect.

"I do not regret it, Deborah. If I did not lie here dying I could not tell you what I mean to do to-day. Will it shock you, Deborah, to know that I have been an inmate of a prison for ten long years?"

It did shock her terribly. She sat silent.

"That," Rhett continued, "I might have told you any time—when I could. The rest I can only tell because I have but a few more days to live. I inherited a fortune," he went on, "and, not from necessity, but for love of business, took a clerkship, when quite young, in a bank. There

was a forgery committed, and circumstances pointed to me as the forger. With proofs in my possession which would have exonerated another I was tried, convicted, and sentenced."

Deborah could not control her horror. She shuddered.

"The guilty party," said Mr. Falconer, calmly, "was a young man, but with a wife and child. What was the sacrifice of my life to his? Besides, he was my dearest friend. I would have died for him. I could certainly suffer imprisonment for him."

"But justice," murmured Deborah.

"It was accomplished. I knew that he would never sin again."

"And he has not?"

"No. He lives respected, honored, and beloved. I, since my ten years' imprisonment, have gone skulking through life. I thought here, at last, I should find peace. I shall, Deborah, the peace which passeth understanding."

"Oh, miserable 'Cedars,' would you had never seen them."

"Not so. For then, Deborah, I should never have seen you."

"Me! You must hate me!"

"No, Deborah, I love you. Remember, I speak as a dying man. I never knew I should want an untarnished name, as I have wanted it to offer you. I would not offer one stained as mine is."

"Stained!" she murmured, "so then are the martyrs!"

He pressed her hand feebly.

"It is too late."

She sprang to her feet before him.

"It is not. Rhett—Rhett—I love you. Live for me."

The doctors next morning found their patient worse—much worse. The symptoms baffled them. Yet some way he gained strength in spite of them. He battled with disease; he clung to his life. And he lived.

"The Cedars" was sold in the spring, and in June there was a quiet wedding in the old Channing homestead, and then, Channings and Falconers, went away from Hillbush—the mystery deepened, not solved; and Nicholas Dale, older and sadder, knew that he deserved his loss.

Rhett Falconer was a wanderer once more, but nowise discontented with his lot. But it seemed to him that their obscure if happy life would be irksome to Deborah.

"My wife," he said, "the man for whom I suffered once is merciful and just. If you say so, I will go to him. At my demand he will confess his fault and his deception. At his own expense he will reinstate me."

Deborah shook her head.

"Let him keep his false jewels and wear them. We know that we have the true, even if we have to wrap them in a mystery."

I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE.

In leaving thee, thou one of all,
Unto my life most dear,
No words can soothe my sorrowing heart,
Nor check the falling tear.
For 'tis to go to other lands,
Far o'er the foaming sea,
That I must say—sweetheart, farewell,
I will be true to thee.

Our love, which has still mightier grown
Each time when we have met,
Hath given joys unto my soul
It could not well forget.
And through the long and weary year
Which I must absent be,
That love shall still remain unchanged—
I will be true to thee.

One loving kiss, one sad good bye,
One tender, fond caress,
And he had gone, and all my heart
Was full of wretchedness.
But oft from him a message comes,
Thrice welcome o'er the sea,
Which says in language soft and sweet,
He still is true to me.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

There is a peaceful valley in the south of France, just at the foot of the Pyrenees, where any wearied traveller might fancy that life glided away as smoothly as a summer's day.

But little life is stirring among the cottages which cluster round the bright river.

That stream is so clear that it reflects the trees upon its banks as it traverses the valley.

On the mountain side, which rises up abruptly, is an old grey castle, frowning grimly, which, till within the last few years, was said to be haunted.

At the further extremity of the valley stood one of the prettiest little cottages imaginable.

It was a two-storyed building, sheltered by tall, shady trees, and surrounded by grass plots redolent with bright flowers, the variety and tasteful arrangement of which seemed to turn it into a paradise.

One morning the door of the chalet opened, and a pair of deep blue eyes peeped out.

Then the sweet fresh face of a young girl emerged into the sunlight.

She stopped for a moment irresolutely under the doorway, the drooping vine leaves forming a graceful frame round her fairylife figure, and forming a marked contrast with her rich brown hair.

Then, darting away through the garden, she crossed the river by the rustic bridge and commenced to ascend the nearest mountain side.

In her ascent she stopped at intervals and listened for footsteps.

The tinkling of a goat-bell suddenly fell upon her ear, and she hastened on to the spot whence the sound had apparently come.

One turn of the rock brought her there.

On a grassy mound a girl of about her own age was seated, singing a wild mountain song, while her goats fed around her.

A scarlet kerchief was wound round the goat-herd's head, and was twisted in her black hair like a turban.

There was a tinge of sadness in her large black eyes, but when she raised them, and recognised the new comer, a joyous smile passed over her face.

"Ah! it is you, Miss Jeannette," she began. "It is some time since you have come to see me. I began to think that, like the village people, you were beginning to shun me."

"No, indeed, Marie, that is not true; but I always go to the other side of the mountain now for—"

And Jeannette stopped short, while a blush suffused her face.

"Because Don Castro rides that way every morning. Is it not so?" interrupted Marie.

"Well, perhaps it is because the prettiest flowers grow there," replied Jeannette, laughingly; "but what do you think of the handsome strangers, Don Castro and his uncle?"

"I fear them," moodily replied Marie.

"And what can you find to fear in one so accomplished, so noble as Don Castro? His uncle certainly looks severe, but to me the nephew is perfection. Think how different he is to Jacques, our doctor's son, or to Louis, the farmer, who stammered out the few words they can speak."

"At least we know them to be honest men; but as you value your happiness, beware of making even a friend of the uncle or nephew."

"You speak in riddles, Marie; what do you mean? My father respects and like them, and you who, like myself, have never left this village, how can you judge?"

"If I tell you a secret, are you sure you will keep it?" asked Marie.

"Yes, indeed I will. I promise," answered Jeannette.

"Then sit here beside me, and I will tell you one that will startle you."

Jeannette, trembling, took the place that Marie had made for her on the grass.

They knew no distinction of class in his out-of-the-world village, so that the daughter of peasant and proprietor were often fast friends.

"You know," began Marie, "that years ago my grandfather fought in the French army."

"He went to the war with a young count, who was his foster-brother, and whose servant he had been in his native village in Normandy."

The Spaniards were very bitter against the French, as neighbors often are, but the count, even after the war, stayed in a distant town called Madrid.

"But my grandfather soon found out the reason."

kept him away from the castle since these strangers came there."

"Even so; perhaps the nephew is as ignorant of all this as I was before I met you," suggested Jeannette.

"Ah, but they say in the village that he prowls about in the middle of the night, and that he was seen by one of the poachers attended by an evil spirit, who lit a strange kind of fire, which leaped from his torch high into the air. Beware of him, Jeannette!"

Trembling, sad and tearful, poor Jeannette bounded off, seeing her father, who had come in search of her.

He was a tall Englishman, with a face upon which thought had made its impress strongly.

He held out his arms to receive Jeannette, who bounded into them, still weeping.

He soon found out from Marie, whom he sought, the cause of his daughter's grief, and insisted upon the story being repeated.

"I will see your grandfather myself on the subject," he said. "Meanwhile, as there may be a mistake, I enjoin both of you not to mention this matter again till we try to clear it up."

All the sunshine had been taken out of Jeannette's bright life.

Every new incident seemed to confirm the truth of Marie's painful story.

Everything was mysterious about the strangers.

Except that they had come from Spain, and were accompanied by two Spanish servants, nothing was known about them.

They spoke to no one in the village, and might have left it without being the subject of a story, had they not made the acquaintance of Jeannette and her father on a botanical excursion.

A little intercourse showed that Mr. Sydney and the strangers were of kindred tastes.

They were all painstaking, if not enthusiastic, botanists.

Several excursions in search of wild flowers and plants among the mountains and valleys followed the first accidental meeting.

This gave Don Castro ample opportunity of knowing Jeannette.

To know her was to admire her, as her guilelessness was a powerfully luring charm.

Unconsciously she, too, had felt tenderly towards the handsome stranger.

The spells which love had been weaving round the lovers were now, however, to be quickly dissolved, as Mr. Sydney determined to break off further intercourse with his newly-made friends, though, like a sensible man, he was open to explanations.

When Don Urbano and his nephew next called at the cottage, they were chilled by Mr. Sydney's manner.

More chilling still to Don Castro was the absence of Jeannette, who did not appear as usual.

Mr. Sydney was embarrassed in his manner, and cool determination showed itself remarkably on his thin lips.

Don Urbano's pride was touched, and more than one look of irritating perplexity shot from his glaring eyes towards Don Castro, and made him feel excessively uncomfortable.

Despite the annoyance of the revelation, it was somewhat of a relief when Mr. Sydney alluded to the fact that a mountain girl had disturbed the mind of Jeannette.

She had given her information as to the rumors that were rife in the village about the present inmates of the castle.

"These," he added, "must have a satisfactory solution, as, though they refer to you, Don Urbano, they compromise us."

"To me?" said Don Urbano, leaning forward on this chair, and fixing his eye steadily upon his accuser. "My escutcheon, señor, is without a stain, and the tainted breath of a gipsy can never tarnish it."

Then, rising and poising himself with stately dignity at his full height, he said—

"Five-and-fifty years have I lived among the proudest grandees of my native country, and now, for the first time, has my honor been impeached, and that without a shadow of cause. As you, señor, have believed so readily these mysterious rumors, I take that to be the measure of your esteem for us. It is well. Adieu, Castro, we depart."

Don Urbano strode haughtily from the apartment.

Don Castro would have spoken to Mr. Sydney, but dared not, as he feared to touch his uncle's pride.

With a hurried but graceful step, he followed, leaving Mr. Sydney rather confirmed in the truth of the stories in circulation, but he studiously concealed from his daughter both the visit and its results.

There was trouble within the castle and the cottage during the weeks following this interview, as there often has been before in castles and cottages.

A dark cloud shut out from Jeannette the bright vistas and glittering perspective of future happiness which a young imagination, fired by love, had opened up to her.

Though her dreams were deceitful, they were full of a sweetness that seemed unearthly.

Like the lyre when unstrung, her heart felt now no tuneful melody.

Anguish and abandonment took the place of love and joy.

The bright-eyed girl, on whose face one smile melted into another, soon wore a face as set and composed as Niobe in marble.

Her merry laugh, always music to her father, no longer made the cottage gay.

Mr. Sydney shared his daughter's disappointment, and feared that a wound had been inflicted upon her which might have very serious results.

Don Castro rested uneasily upon his bed of down in the castle.

The smallest trouble he had—and that was not small—was the unholy frame of mind into which the action of Mr. Sydney had put his uncle. The sun went down for several weeks, but never for once upon Don Urbano's anger.

Then Don Castro found that he himself was not a free man.

The terrible delirium of disappointed love seized upon him, and night after night, in the light of the midnight stars, he reconnoitred in the snug villa of the Sydneys, and peeped into the dark casements, his feeling the while representing a billowy tempest.

Sometimes he fancied he saw a stream of light darting across the window of Jeannette's apartment, but in a moment all was darkness and gloom. Then a figure would glide by.

"It is her!" he cried. "Oh, what would I not give for one word with her, even if it were the last?"

A panic of this kind was bound to come to a crisis.

Don Urbano loved his nephew, and pitied his distressed condition.

Explanations followed, and it was arranged that both should call upon Mr. Sydney, and discover the cause of their abrupt and unexpected estrangement.

Mr. Sydney was sought and was open to explanations, as he, too, had good reason to be dissatisfied with the situation.

"My conduct," said Mr. Sydney, in opening the parley, "was based upon the charge that you, Don Urbano, murdered a French officer who loved your sister."

"My uncle a murderer!" cried out Don Castro. "Whoever said so shall die!"

"Hold, Castro," said Don Urbano, turning deadly pale; "silence, I say. You, my boy, have never been told the secret of our family, and you only learn it now, because I must defend myself."

"A violence was perpetrated, it is true. His father," he said, pointing to Don Castro, "was stabbed by the Duke de la Sostra, my brother, when he was about to marry my sister secretly.

"Who invented this sad story I know not, but the facts are few as they are sad, though highly discolored.

"I am the duke's twin brother, the very image of him, the Abbé de la Sostra.

I prevented my nephew's father's body from being thrown into the river, when it lay bleeding and senseless on the floor, and encountered all the wrath of my brother because I spoke the words of the Gospel of Peace.

"I soothed my sister, who witnessed the horrid deed, and who was half dead with fear.

"For the body of the unhappy count I obtained the right of Christian burial, and had the apparently lifeless body taken to a monastery near at hand.

"There, by care and watchful solicitude, the count slowly recovered. Meanwhile, my sister took temporary refuge in a convent.

"In a few weeks the duke died suddenly, and his property and title fell to me, but I would not desert my orders and embrace a secular state.

"I wished to make my sister happy, but I knew that in removing her from a convent I should provoke a storm of bitter national prejudice.

"Accordingly, I managed that she should retire privately to a distant castle up my estate, and there I myself married her to the count.

"Their married life was a short but happy one. Before two years passed away the count succumbed to illness, the result of his wounds, and his wife, broken-hearted, soon followed him to the grave, leaving this boy to my care.

"I adopted him, but as the situation was critical for me as an ecclesiastic, I removed into France, where he obtained all the advantages due to his station.

"There I changed my name, and thus Don Castro was kept in ignorance of the outrage committed by my brother upon his father. Such, señor, is the true story of this affair."

Mr. Sydney admired the frankness of Don Urbano, and could not doubt any longer that he was deceived by Marie's story.

When proofs were at hand, he could hesitate no longer to make the *amende honorable*, which he did in a manner becoming an English gentleman.

Don Castro was confounded, but was too much consoled by the introduction of Jeannette to forget his astonishment.

There was a joyous handshaking all round, and not a few tears, ending in a solemn betrothal.

As the wife of Don Castro, the Countess Jeannette was remarkable for all the virtues which give true nobility to a woman.

How Mr. Penlake exercised a Proctor.

In the year of grace 18—, it pleased the ancient house of Congregation of the University of Oxford to enact in dog-Latin—which out of mercy to the scholastic instincts of our readers we forbear to quote—that, whereas candidates for "responses" vulgarly called "malls," or the "little-go" examination hitherto had paid a fee of one pound for the privilege of running their chance of being plucked, in future the

University would charge one guinea to each undergraduate who should offer himself to "respond"—whatever "responding" may mean.

Shortly after the promulgation of this solemn decree, which, by the way, occupied about half a column of the *Times*, a notice was issued to the effect that the Junior Proctor would attend in the hall of — College, between the hours of one and two on the following Friday, in order to receive the names of candidates for responses who were required to adduce certain papers as evidences of their identity, sanity, and membership of the University.

Obediently to this summons, some three hundred youths, attired in academicals, congregated in and about the hall aforesaid, wherein on the dais was seated the Junior Proctor, engaged in the thankless task of latinizing the homely *pronomina* of Joneses, Smiths, and Robinsons.

"Your name, sir, and college, sir?" snapped the official at a tall stripling.

"Herbert Maurice Smith, of Wedham," was the intelligible reply. Whereupon down went the young man's name as Herbertius Mauricius Smith a Collegio Wadhamensi. "Smith," you will remark, being incapable of latinization, was permitted to remain in all its native cacophony.

"A guinea, sir," observed the Proctor, perfunctorily, and Mr. Smith, having come provided with a sovereign and a shilling, popped it down smilingly and departed, devoutly hoping that the examiners would overlook his very Oxonian Euclid and exceedingly gentlemanly arithmetic—his exercises in the latter science having hitherto been almost wholly confined to the study of "odds" and the mysteries of book-making in general.

To him succeeded a young gentleman whose sporting costume contrasted most strangely with the curtained caricature of the old Benedictine habit partially covering his shoulders. He announced himself briefly as Mr. Richard Penlake, of Brazenface College, which respectable patrimonial, after being duly amplified to suit the mediæval proclivities of the University, was written down carefully by the Proctor. Looking over the dignitary's shoulders to see that there was no mistake about it, and being satisfied with the accuracy of the entry, Mr. Penlake proceeded to pull carelessly a sovereign out of his trousers pocket. Then he flung it magnificently on the table with the air of a man paying away money which was not of the slightest consequence.

"A guinea, if you please," remarked the Proctor, looking rather foolish at the sovereign, and perhaps a trifle angrily at Mr. Penlake.

"The fee's a pound," replied that gentleman coolly.

"The fee, sir," retorted the Proctor, deliberately, "is a guinea."

"But," urged Mr. Penlake, appealing to his brother students, who were crowding round the table, "I've always been used to pay a pound."

At this sally there arose a complete roar of laughter. Mr. Penlake was well known as a gentleman who had made very heavy efforts to "respond" satisfactorily, but hitherto without success. In fact, he had already paid many pounds to an unkind University, which does not return fees to those whom the examiners in their discretion think fit to reject.

"Silence!" cried the Proctor, rising angrily from his seat. Then turning to Mr. Penlake, "A shilling if you please, or I shall erase your name from the list."

Mr. P. fumbled first in one pocket, then in the other; but, although he found several pipes handy, he did not seem to be possessed of either silver, gold, or notes. In his perplexity he faced right about, addressing himself incontinently to every one:

"Look here. This is my last chance for smalls, I wish one of you fellows would lend me a shilling."

In a trice a dozen hands proffered the needful coin. Whereupon Mr. Penlake, ejaculating "Thanks!" clutched at the nearest, and then with great gravity deposited it by the side of the sovereign.

"Next time, sir," observed the Proctor sarcastically, "you will remember—a guinea."

"Next time, sir," rejoined Mr. Penlake, "I propose to give the University of Cambridge a turn."

Whereat the audience grinned—the general impression being that, unlike "Adolphus Smalls" of the famous ballad, he would be plucked again, even though he might "put on coaches three," and "read all night with towled head." Mr. Penlake himself thought otherwise, and as he strolled back to his college he registered a solemn vow that when he had secured his testament, or certificate of having passed, he would take his revenge on that sharp-tongued Junior Proctor who had raised the laugh against him, not altogether unsuccessfully.

For Mr. Penlake, though exceedingly idle, and in debt, and impecunious, we must not regard as a dunce. This little brush with proctorial authority put him on his mettle. Of course the story of how he had always been used to pay one pound spread like wildfire over the University, where men will subsidize you for any *bon mot*, which will serve to fire-off at a wine or a breakfast, provided that it be quite fresh and safe to raise a laugh. In the merriment occasioned by his words no one joined more heartily than their author; but perhaps he felt all the more acutely that he would be singularly stultified if he missed his mark in the schools. Hence he set to work with a will; to him Sunday was as a working day, night as morning. He cut all parties, eschewed liquors, from champagne down to small-beer, and the

outcome of such energy was that he got his previous reading into ship-shape; and when once in the cockpit and face to face with the string of ugly questions, so effectually floored the papers that he was let off with a minimum of *viva-voce*, and departed from the schools bespattered with the cold compliments of his ancient persecutors, who congratulated him both on the quantity and quality of his work most condescendingly.

"Now," said Mr. Penlake, as he accepted his testamur from Purdue, bearing the autographs of two individuals whom he had cause enough to abhor—"Now, to serve out my friend the Junior Proctor."

About the date of this veracious history a certain M. Lecocq had just retired from the honorable office of cook of Boniface College. Whether he and the then Master agreed to differ, this deponent sayeth not; suffice it that M. Lecocq transferred his artistic ability from Boniface kitchen to a restaurant in the High street, which straightway became the place for the juvenile gourmets to eat, and learn what art can effect. M. Lecocq found his enterprise rather more arduous than he had anticipated. The Vice-Chancellor of the period was a very stately, courteous gentleman; but not at all disposed to relax academical discipline. He it was who, when Mr. Thackeray requested permission to deliver his lectures on "The Four Georges" within the precincts of the University, asked the great satirist, innocently enough, who he was and what work he had written.

"I am the author of 'Vanity Fair,'" replied Thackeray.

"'Vanity Fair!'" exclaimed the Vice-Chancellor: "a dissenting publication, I presume."

The good man, not being a novel-reader, imagined that the grandest work of that period was a tract. However, if severe upon the guild of letters, the great don could also wield the rod of office against another branch of art with rigor. Gastronomy to him was as sinful as fiction. Hence, shortly after the institution of the Restaurant Lecocq, he was down upon its talented proprietor.

"I understand," said he, "that you have infringed the statute which provides that no person shall sell any member of this University, being *in statu pupillar*, cooked meats."

"You would not have me serve ze gentlemen vidraw?" urged the monsieur, by way of defence.

Whereunto the Vice-Chancellor responded by inflicting a fine, called in University parlance "a scone," and M. Lecocq departed; as one may imagine, tolerably disgusted with this specimen of official tyranny.

Now it happened on the return of M. Lecocq from his interview with the Vice-Chancellor that he encountered Mr. Penlake, whose features were exuberant with joviality, waving in triumph his testimonial.

"Look here, Lecocq," he cried: "Look at these autographs—very rare. Talk about the autographs of Shakespeare, Milton, Guy Fawkes, Oliver Cromwell, and all those kind of people—they're nothing to these, simply nothing. Lecocq, I must dine—sumptuously, mind you—all the delicacies of the season—expense no object—seven o'clock—you understand."

Then, without waiting for the worthy Frenchman's reply, Mr. Penlake darted away, and was soon buried in the recesses of a hair-dresser's establishment, from whence he emerged, after a time, carrying a largish brown-paper parcel.

Next he wended his way towards the establishment of a well-known tailor, where he exchanged his commoner's for a scholar's gown to the utter amazement of the honest tradesman, who, to use his own phraseology, "Allers guv Muster Penlake credit for being a gennelum, but not for being a schollard." The credit part of the business was, we fear, only too true, inasmuch as our hero occupied two pages and a half of a large ledger, the total being in three figures. A warm bath,

pulled till it yielded with a crack. He was about to inflict summary chastisement on the luckless Charles, whose voice was heard outside the door enviously with merriment, when, with a serious countenance, enter ne less a personage than M. Lecocq.

"*Plaît-il, M'sieur?*" imperturbably.

"Look here—I say—this is some confounded practical joke of Charles's."

"Not so, sare. I 'ave been, as you say, sconzed by your Vize-Chancellor. He say that I musd not geef ze gentlemans cooked meads. Zo I obey ze statudes, and I geef them raw! Zo!"

"But I can't make myself into a cannibal or a German," exclaimed Mr. Penlake; "and I'm doosed hungry, upon my honor I am, Lecocq."

"You musd obey ze statudes of ze Univair-site."

"Hang the statudes! I suppose my good friend, the Junior Proctor, has hauled you up before the Vice, eh?"

"Yace," answered Lecocq. "It vos 'im."

Whereupon Mr. Penlake took monsieur by the button-hole, and commenced confidences which caused much laughter to both speaker and listener. In fact he was revealing his project of playing a practical joke on this very Proctor whose officiousness had caused M. Lecocq to be muled.

"Goot, goot, vare, goot?" shouted the Frenchman, "Yace, yace, you shall have some cooked meads for dinner—in faire minits, Meester Penlake. Bud you muzd pay ze sconze if you are caught in the act of eating ze mead which is not raw."

"That's a bargain," was a ready reply.

Accordingly, within the stated five minutes, Charles, with the humblest apologies, was engaged in serving Mr. Penlake with a delicious menu. The soup was discovered, salmon appeared done to a turn, *entrées* succeeded, and, in one word, repletion was attained within five-and-forty minutes after feeding commenced.

The champagne succeeded claret, curacao, coffee, cigars. By the time that Great Tom of Christ Church was booming away his hundred and one discords, to announce that it was past nine o'clock, and the number of students on Wolsey's Foundation had not yet been altered by the authority of Parliament, Mr. Penlake was pleasant, jovial, perhaps larky, but certainly not inebriate. A soda-and-brandy caused him to rise just one degree further in the direction of liveliness, after which he declared himself as "altogether fit," and accordingly proceeded to prepare for action.

First, he took his innocent trencher-cap, and smashed it to a jelly.

Secondly he slewed his tie round to the back of his ear.

Thirdly, he extracted from the before-mentioned brown-paper parcel a beard and moustache of copious dimensions, with which appendages he invested his own smooth downless countenance. Then he superimposed the battered cap, doffed the scholar's gown, and lighted a fresh cigar, carefully scenting himself by sprinkling brandy over his beard, linen, and clothes.

Having surveyed his appearance in the looking-glass, and being satisfied that he simulated intoxication successfully, he rang the bell and despatched a messenger to inform him when the Junior Proctor was going his rounds.

We may inform the non-academical reader that Proctors are irresponsible magistrates, who, in our two University towns, can enter houses forcibly, dispense with *habeas corpus*, and commit people to prison without the formality of a trial. These privileges they exercise most freely after dark. Hence their habit of perambulating the town by gas-light, attended by a *posse comitatus* termed appropriately 'bulldogs.'

After waiting nearly an hour, Mr. Penlake's outpost advised him that the Proctor was sheering down the street, having just benevolently stepped into the Mitre to stop a quiet supper party.

On receipt of this intelligence our hero staggered forth into the street, and affectionately embracing the nearest lamp-post, vociferated a popular melody, in order to secure attention.

Authority, thus challenged, hove down promptly upon him. Nothing daunted, Mr. Penlake continued his dit'y in thorough maudlin fashion, stopping only to whiff his cigar, which, as all the world knows, is a luxury regarded by the University as somewhat more immoral than any of the mentioned sins in the Decalogue.

"Your name and college, sir?" asked the Proctor sternly.

Mr. Penlake muttered thickly and inaudibly, blowing the smoke in the inquirer's face.

"Your name, sir; and college, sir?"

"Ben'l-Wooshter," was the reply.

"Bennel of Worcester, do you say?"

"Schpel it with a P, old boy," answered the hardened Mr. Penlake.

"Pennel. Then, Mr. Pennel, what business have you to be in this disgusting state of intoxication? Go home to your college, sir, and call upon me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I think, sir," murmured the Marshal, as the chief bulldog is termed, "that the gentleman is—hum—ha—is unable to take care of himself."

This indeed seemed likely, as Mr. Penlake continued to cling incontinently to the lamp-post, as if he needed its support.

"We had better take him to Worcester," answered the Proctor, by no means as if he relished the march of a good half mile with an inebriate man. Accordingly, two of the bulldogs, ad-

vancing, seized Mr. Penlake's arms, and offered their assistance.

But Mr. Penlake was not going to be removed quietly. He struggled and lurched and tumbled into the gutter, until he had fairly got the Proctor into a towering passion.

"Carry him!" he shouted indignantly. And thus it came to pass that a procession was formed, and the word to march having been given, they bore the recumbent Mr. Penlake to Worcester and deposited him comfortably at the college gate. But the porter, on being summoned, disavowed all knowledge of Mr. Penlake. Nor was there, as it appeared, any undergraduate of the name of Bennel or Pennel on the college books.

"What is your college?" shouted the Proctor.

"Maudlin," grunted Mr. Penlake stupidly.

"Then why did you say Worcester?"

"I—I didn't shay Wooshter; I shad Maudlin."

There was nothing for it but to resume their march. To the reader unacquainted with the geography of Oxford, we may state that Worcester College is distant from Magdalen (or Maudlin) College about a mile and a quarter.

"Dear, dear," yawned the unlucky Proctor, "I'm tired to death as it is, and, besides, it's getting late. This is very, very unpleasant."

Tramp, tramp down Beaumont street, Broad street, Holywell, Long Wall. At length they arrived at Magdalen College, the bulldogs almost ready to drop from carrying some thirteen stone of inert humanity.

On summoning the Janitor of Waynflete Foundation, Mr. Bennel, or Pennel, was indignantly repudiated. What was to be done? The man seemed too idiotically intoxicated to be guilty of a practical joke. However, the Proctor began to entertain suspicions.

"If you don't tell me, sir, at once your true name and college, I'll—I'll expel you, sir, from this University, sir!"

These terrible words he shouted in Mr. Penlake's ear.

"Whash use of making susch row? I shad Sin Johnsh. Take me to Sin Johnsh."

"You prevaricate, sir," replied the Proctor. "You have dragged us to two other colleges; and let me tell you, you have done so at your peril."

Mr. Penlake was acting with some *nous*. He meant to give his enemy a good walk in order to have the laugh of him. For this reason he mentioned the names of colleges as far apart as he could, thereby entailing upon the weary official and his officers the maximum of hard work.

In high dudgeon the whole party retraced their steps toward St. Giles's, and after several stoppages, caused by the fatigue of the bulldogs, they eventually reached St. John's College, where, as before, the porter denied Mr. Penlake admittance. Here, however, the bulldogs began to protest their inability to act as beasts of burden beyond a reasonable limit. So a council of war was held. The Marshal opined that Mr. Penlake, who was reposing cosily on the pavement, was a member of Christ Church. One bulldog could swear that he belonged to Merton; another that he had seen him in a surprise in New College Chapel. The Marshal's opinion, being entitled to most weight, prevailed; and therefore once more the burden was lifted, and borne, amid the muttered execrations of the bulldogs, to Canterbury gate. There the porter, having strict instructions from brave old Dr. Galsford, the then Dean of Christ Church, to hold no parley with Proctors, slammed the door in their faces. Indignant beyond measure at this rebuff, the Proctor gave orders to convey Mr. Penlake to the lock-up, in spite of a remonstrance from the Marshal that he would in that case be associated with parties of the opposite sex, who, for real or supposed naughtiness, were confined in the University prison-cell—an eventuality which, to the mind of the Marshal, appeared more than terrible. The Proctor, however, wanted to get to bed, and, inasmuch as something must be done with this man of no college, he preferred to put him under lock and key. Accordingly, the bulldogs prepared to lift Mr. Penlake once again. That gentleman, however, had no idea of anything so serious as imprisonment. He felt, therefore, that he must escape from his present situation by hook or by crook. His first move was to regain his legs.

"I'm better now," he muttered. "I'll try and walk."

"Why didn't you tell us your college?" whispered the Marshal confidentially.

"I've told you once," he said, more rationally; "it's Wadham."

Finding that the prisoner could walk, the bulldogs very readily allowed him the use of his legs, retaining him by the arms only. In this fashion the procession reached the quadrangle formed by the Bodleian, All Souls, Brasenose, and St. Mary's Church, in the centre of which stands the Radcliffe Library. As they passed the church, Mr. Penlake dexterously thrust one leg under the bulldog who held his right arm, thereby tripping him up. Then, by a quick movement as one man fell, he wrenched himself from the grasp of the other, and thus in a trice stood at liberty. Before the Marshal, who realised the hoax, could seize his gown, he had bounded away from them down Brasenose lane at a tearing pace; turning sharp round by Exeter, he made for the Broad street, where distancing his pursuers, he divested himself of his beard and moustache, flung away his scholar's gown, twisted round his tie, and then deliberately turned back and encountered the Proctor in the Turl.

"Your name and college, sir?"

"Penlake, of Brazenface."

"Where is your gown, sir?"

"I've left it in Trinity."

"Did you meet any one running in the Broad street?"

"Yes, sir; a man with a beard; about my height."

"Thank you, sir. Don't let me meet you without your gown again at this time of night."

Mr. Penlake bowed, and triumphantly marched off to his college, where, at a supper of superlative festivity, he told the story to an admiring circle.

Luckily for Mr. Penlake, the Junior Proctor went out of office during the next vacation. Of course, by degrees it oozed out that Mr. Pennel, of so many colleges, was really Mr. Penlake. However, he never suffered, directly or indirectly, from the results of this adventure. Indeed, it was whispered that the good old Head of Brazenface was so delighted at a joke being played upon one from whom he differed ecclesiastically and politically, that it was solely on account of this escapade that he awarded to Mr. Penlake, a certain valuable exhibition. We must, however, accept that as mere scandal. Our hero, having once passed the "dreaded smalls," took more kindly to reading, and eventually achieved his B. A. sleeves, to the credit of himself and his college. Hence, perhaps, he merited the patronage of his worthy chief—Belgravia.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

LIFE'S GREATEST PLEASURES.—A lady once asked Fox what was the greatest pleasure in the world. "Winning at play, madam," replied the Minister, briefly. "And the next?" The diplomatist seemed to reflect for an instant, and then responded, "Losing at play, madam."

HOME REVELATION.—At a juvenile party a young gentleman about seven years old kept himself aloof from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him—"Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

A WIT'S MNEMONICS.—Doctor Reid, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room—"No. 1, Chesterfield Street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget number one."

CONUNDRUM.—"Little Tommy didn't disobey mamma and go in swimming, did he?"—"No, mamma; Jimmy Brown and the rest of the boys went in, but I remembered what you said, and didn't disobey you."—"And Tommy never tells stories, does he?"—"No, mamma; I wouldn't tell a story for all the worlds."—"Then how does Tommy happen to have on Jimmy Brown's shirt?" That conundrum was too much for Tommy; he had to give it up.

SAMBO'S BET.—A Georgian negro was riding a mule, when he came to a bridge, and the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go over dis bridge," and with that struck the mule over the head, which made him nod suddenly. "You take de bet, den?" said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," cried Sambo. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been close by unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for the mule, and I take the quarter out."

A CLEVER TRICK.—There is a clever lad in Binghampton who will get his living in this world, and no mistake. For playing truant, maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say, "Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more, I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach." The maternal mind was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal heart asked what he meant. "I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation." This was enough. The small boy was triumphant, and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

THE THRIFTY PARSON.—A Scotch minister, who had not been paid promptly by his parishioners, one Sabbath morning as he was entering church, met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a sovereign. It was willingly given him, and he put it in his pocket, preached a capital sermon, and on coming from the pulpit handed the identical coin to the man from whom he had borrowed it. "Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all!"—"It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson: "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together the following afternoon.

A GOOD REASON.—On returning to his family, after an absence of some weeks, Captain Johnson had been driven from Kingstown to Dublin by a carman, who, looking discontentedly at the fare paid him, said, "Shure your honor will give a trifle more than this?"—"Not a penny," said the captain.—"Bad luck to me but you would," persisted Paddy, "if you knew all, then."—"What do you mean?" asked Johnson, anxiously.—"Faux, that's tellin', anyway; and it's only for my fare I'm to tell my news."—"Well, well, said the captain, "here's another shilling. Now what was happened?"—"Sorra the harm at all," replied Pat, "only I thought

you'd not begrudge a little extra som'eat to know that I druv ye the last three miles without a linchpin."

A SCEPTIC.—A sceptic, who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we were in the spirit, and the spirit in us, and received the reply—"Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat; it's like that poker; I put it in de fire till it gets hot—now de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

THEATRICAL.—A few weeks ago, at a theatre in the provinces, a young actor who was playing the part of an old porter had his false bald crown mischievously pulled off at the moment of his appearing before the footlights. After a moment of quickly-repressed astonishment at the sight of his thick black locks, his fellow-actor on the stage said, with the utmost *sang-froid*, "I did not call you, my good fellow—I called your father. Tell him I want him directly." And a few seconds afterwards the young man, with his proper headgear, reappeared before the public, who had not discovered anything amiss.

A SET-OFF FOR "SHANNON SHORE."—One of the most curious blunders made by an author was that made by Thackeray when collecting material for his *Irish Sketch-Book*. Driving along a road, he saw at due intervals posts set up with the letters "G. P. O." upon them. Overtaking a peasant, he inquired the meaning of these initials, and was gravely informed that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's note-book, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious statement. In the first edition of the sketches the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all the subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for "General Post-office," indicating that the highway was a post-road.

A HIGHLANDER AT SEA.—On one occasion a Highlander sailed in the packet from Aberdeen to Granton. It was the first time that Donald had been on board ship, and the novel scene interested him greatly. So long as the vessel was in smooth water he enjoyed the sail very much, but ere long a squall came on, causing the ship to pitch and roll in a manner which to Donald was very alarming. Irritated by being bumped about, and suffering, besides, from certain disagreeable internal sensations, he made his way to the deck to find out the cause of the ship's bad behavior. Arrived there, he was taking a survey of the scene, when his eye lighted on the steersman. The latter did not work by the wheel, but by the old-fashioned, long-handled rudder, and, after eyeing his proceedings for a minute, the cloud of wrath on the Highlander's brow grew black as night. He advanced toward the steersman in a stealthy way, and the instant he was within reach knocked him down by a blow with his fist, exclaiming, as he did so, "Tak' that, you villain, for kittlin' her tall w' that stick and makin' her jump!"

MARVELLOUS STORIES.—Mr. Finlayson, town clerk of Stirling, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvellous in conversation. He was on a visit to the Earl of Monteith and Airth in his castle of Taha, on the Loch of Monteith; and was about taking leave, when he was asked by the Earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry tree. "No," said Finlayson; "what sort of a thing is it?"—"It is," replied the Earl, "a tree that has grown out of a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed, and which she bears about with her in voyages round the loch. It is just at present in full fruit of the most exquisite flavor. Now, Finlayson," he added; "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match the story of the cherry tree?"—"Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat; and adding, "When Oliver Cromwell was at Airth, one of the cannon sent a ball to Stirling, and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding."—"Was the trumpeter killed?" said the Earl.—"No, my lord," said Finlayson; "he blew the ball back, and killed the artillerist who had fired it!"

THE LATE LADY HOLLAND.—Such was Lady Holland's strength of will that it required no slight degree of moral courage to resist her commands or refuse her most unreasonable wish. Returning by the Great Western from Chippenham, after a visit to Bowood, she took Brunel in the carriage with her, and made him slacken the pace of the express train to less than twenty miles an hour, in spite of the protestations of the passengers. She insisted on Dickens's telling her how *Nicholas Nickleby* was to end, before he had half developed or haply conceived the plot. She had a superstitious dread of lightning; and there is a story of her dressing up her maid in her own clothes to attract the bolt intended for herself. She had an equal dread of fire, which induced Sydney Smith to hurry to her with the model of a fire-escape, the efficacy of which he was prepared to guarantee on condition that the person resorting to it was first reduced to a state of nudity. He recommended it by the example of a clerical friend, who haunted by the same fear, had provided himself with one, and, being awakened in the dead of the night by a knocking and ringing which he took for an alarm of fire, let himself down, after throwing off his night-shirt on the steps before his door, where his wife and daughters (kept late at a ball) were knocking and ringing to be let in.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

COLORS TAKEN OUT BY ACID.—Sal volatile or hartshorn will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm.

CHIMNEY ON FIRE.—In cases of fire in a chimney, it is an excellent plan to put salt on the fire in the grate below, as it acts chemically on the flaming soot above. This has been known to extinguish the fire in a short time.

BOTTLING BEER.—As soon as the beer has been removed the vent peg, and let the beer in the cask get quite flat; have the bottles perfectly dry; cork well as soon as filled, and lay in a moderate warm place until the beer gets up, which will be in a week or so, according to temperature. It should then be moved to the cellar.

EGGS (TO PRESERVE).—Eggs will keep for months quite good if buttered while warm from the nest, and placed in a jar up right in common kitchen salt. No eggs must touch each other, and the salt must be tightly pressed between and over the eggs. When the jar is full, wax the cork or tie a thick cloth over it to exclude the air, and keep in a cool place. The salt is fit for use afterwards.

SILVERING MIRRORS.—Take as many grains of nitrate of silver as you intend to use, dissolve in distilled water, add ammonia until it clears, then add silver solution again until a little turbid; when ready for silvering add a solution of as many grains of Rochelle salts to 800 grains of nitrate of silver for a 15-in. mirror. There is nothing in this method that differs from the usual method when using Rochelle salts.

BONES AS MANURE.—It is found cheaper to dissolve or grind bones than to quarry limestone, crush it, and carry it to the land as a fertilizer; hence the enormous commerce in bones, of which we often import 100,000 tons per annum, valued at £600,000, whilst those collected at home are computed at nearly as much more. Bones of almost all animals are now imported as articles of commerce; and, whether wild or domesticated animals, all are made to yield parts of their skeletons for some useful purpose.

BREAKAGES.—The man who invented "stone china" should have a statue in his own enduring materials. Nothing short of malice prepense will break a stone china plate. The stewards of ocean steamers throw them about in a gale of wind as coolly as a landsman plays with quoits. They may chip and turn color, but they will not break. They are the Old Guard; they may be hacked in pieces, but they will not surrender. All that is needed with stone china is an exterior more inviting. With stout glass, stone china, and a stern discipline, housewives may do much to alleviate the ills of breakage.

MOTIVE POWER FOR TRAMWAYS.—There is every probability of the introduction of a motive power for tramways other than steam, and which will do away with the necessity for horses. The motive power is an arrangement of powerful springs encased in cylinders, like watch springs on a very large scale, the application of which to the existing tram cars is extremely simple and easy. These springs are to be wound up by small stationary steam engines at each terminus of the line, and when so wound will propel the cars, even with stoppages, for a longer distance than any existing tramway line extends.

NETTLES FOR CURATIVE PURPOSES.—The botanical characters of the *Urtica dioica* or great nettle, as given by Hooker, are: Leaves ovate, acuminate, cordate at the base, clusters much branched in pairs, mostly dioecious; waste places, under walls and hedge-banks frequent. The ancient physicians thought the expressed juice of this plant possessed astringent properties, and prescribed it in cases of losses of blood, especially in cough, with spitting of blood. There is no doubt that many cases of this nature have been cured by its use, vide Dr. Pitschaff, in *Hufeland's Journal*, 1821, June. The dose is 2 to 4 oz. of the expressed juice per diem. Amatus Lusitanus gave 4 oz. before breakfast during five or six days.

DOCTORS AND SEWING MACHINES.—The Sewing Machine is the greatest ameliorator of the condition of women that ever was invented. It has done more to free an entire sex from the slavery of the needle than anything else could possibly do. Yet doctors denounce it purely upon principles of medical logic, and say that it is injurious to female health. But it enables her to do in two hours the necessary work which she could not do in less than twelve hours with the needle. Unless, therefore, doctors are prepared to say that woman takes more injury from two hours at the Sewing Machine than she receives from twelve hours at the needle, their diatribes against this household blessing go for nothing.

SKETCHES BY TELEGRAPH.—A very ingenious invention was exhibited some time back by M. Dupuy de Lome at the French Academy of Sciences. It consists in a mode of sending a plan or topographical sketch by telegraph, without necessitating a special drawing for the purpose. Over the map already made is laid a semicircular plate of glass, the circumference of which is graduated. At the centre is an alidade, also graduated, which carries, on a slide, a piece of mica marked with a blade point. The latter, by its own movement along the alidade, and also by that of the alidade itself, can be brought over every point in the glass semicircle. Just before the plate is a fixed eye-piece. Looking through this, the black dot is carried successively over all the points of the plan to be reproduced and the polar co-ordinates of each

noted. The numbers thus obtained are transmitted by telegraph. The receiving device is analogous to the part described, but a simple point is substituted for the mica dot, and by it the designated positions on the glass are successively marked.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, March, 14th, 1874.

** All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. S., Quebec.—You are certainly in error with regard to the solution of Problems 45-8, but your solutions of 47-8 are right.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 43.

BY H. MEYER.

White. Black.
1. Q takes P. 1. Any
2. Mates acc.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 44.

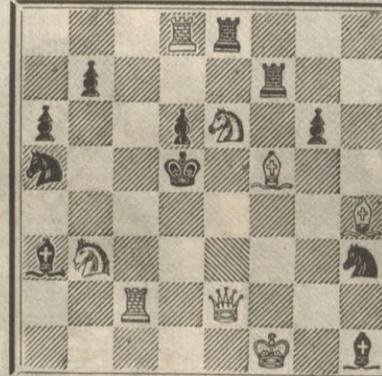
BY A. ARNELL.

White. Black.
1. B to Kt 8th. 1. B to Q 3rd.
2. Kt to R 5th. 2. Moves
3. Kt mates acc.

PROBLEM NO. 51.

BY CHAS. A. GILBERG.

BLACK.



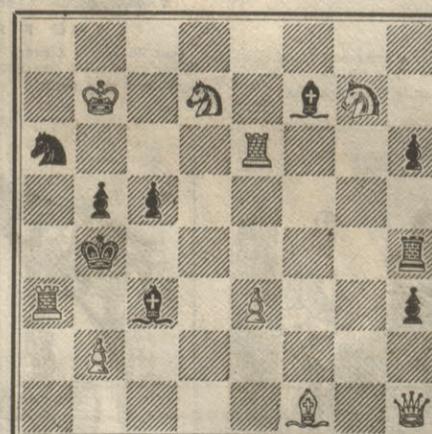
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM NO. 52.

BY CHAS. A. GILBERG.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ON THE INVENTOR OF OUR GAME.

From the *Gentlemen's Journal*.

The following historical notes are translated from H. F. Massman, *Geschichte-Schachspiele*; Quedlinburg and Leipzig, 1839, pages 23 to 28. The Persian historian Myrkon says that during the reign of King Cosroes (Kyrus), in the year 563, the game came from India to Persia, and that the invention of the game is due to an Indian sage, whose name is given by some as Ledschahs, by others as Nassir, by most as Zezech, Ziza, or Sessa Ibn Dahir. This Indian had been living under the Persian King Shahram. Several Persian-Arabian writers say the game came to Persia about the year 600 from the Indian town Kanope. In India there is a saying that the game was invented by the giant Racchasa. And another that two sons of Mac and Peritschere (beauty in angels' figure) had invented it at the time of the Indian King Rama (Shah-ram—King Ram), which is calculated to have been about 400 or 1000 years before Christ. The Chinese say it was invented

200 years before Christ, and that they received it from India about the year 537 after Christ's birth. The Irish say that they played the game at the time of King Cahir-Mor (177 years after Christ).

The Indian-Persian tradition says that about the year 400 A.D., India was governed by Shahram, who was a king possessed of many excellent qualities, but misled by flatterers, and he became a proud and cruel tyrant. It was in vain that the Brahmins and counsellors tried to teach him that he was nothing without the meanest among the people, and that his power was only to be found in their happiness. Then the Brahmin, Sissa, to teach the King the above lesson, invented the game of Chess, in which the King is powerless without the help of his self-sacrificing people, and where often the meanest Pawn (peasant) decides the game. The young King felt the impressive lessons which Sissa gave him, and promised a reward to the wise inventor. Sissa asked for as many grains of wheat as could be placed on the Chess-board. On the first of the 64 squares was to be placed one grain, on the second square two grains, on the third four, on the fourth eight, on the fifth sixteen, and so on—namely, on each of the following squares twice as many grains as on the preceding square. The king wondered at the modest request, and ordered his treasurer to give him the corn. But the reckoners and dealers came to the King, and said that all the corn of India, even of the whole earth, would not reach so far as to reward the Brahmin. The number of grains is 18 446744 073709 551615.

These nearly 18½ trillions of grains would cover all the dry land of the earth a little over one-third of an inch high. If all the dry land of the earth were cultivated with wheat, then it would take more than 70 years to produce that quantity of corn (according to the mathematician, Meier Firsch).

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

Is money good to eat when it is a stake?
The oldest lunatic on record is supposed to be time out of mind.

An old saw new set: What can't be endured must be caricatured.

SULPHUR comes from Vesuvius, therefore it is good for eruptions.

The man who was filled with emotion hadn't room for any dinner.

WHAT portion of the body are the best travellers? The two wrists (tourists).

WHAT did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went home.

A SCHOOLBOY's aspiration: I wish I were a fountain, that I might be always playing.

THE riches which are most apt to take to themselves wings and fly away are ostriches.

THERE is one fort which is too much stormed in these days of peace, and that is the piano-forte.

THE reason that Apollo was the presiding deity of falsehood was because he was the patron of lyres.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier?—One asking him to dinner and dessert.

WHEN does the captain of a vessel commit self-mutilation? When he goes on shore and leaves his hands on board.

THE man who sang "O breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking-carriage, where it was more mixed.

A MAN'S wedding day is called his "bridal day." The orthography of that word is wrong—it should be written "bridle" day.

THE difference between perseverance and obstinacy is, that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

It is a curious fact that, while beaux are permitted to go in the way they are bent, belles are expected to go in the way they are told.

It may be true that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but it would be a queer head that didn't lie still more uneasily without one.

AN IRISHMAN puts this question: "Would you rather go through a giddy waltz with a pretty girl than go through a pretty waltz with a giddy girl?"

A MAN we know says that he has been married twenty years, and has never given his wife a cross word. Those who know say he doesn't dare.

A SARCASTIC young lady says she never was so much in love with man that two rainy days together in a country house would not effectively cure her.

A YOUNG gentleman asks, "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it don't pop itself there is something wrong about it.

A NEW style of boys' trousers has been invented in Boston with copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down the seams and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

A mantua maker imprudently announces that she makes her dresses fireproof, not realizing that her customers wish toilettes to attract rather than to repel their flames.

NEVER chew your words. Open the mouth, and let your voice come out. A student once asked, "Can virchue, fortitude, or quichude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectitude?"

A SPORTING gentleman observed on the door of a house the separate names of a physician and surgeon, and facetiously remarked that the circumstance put him in mind of a double-barrelled gun; for if one missed, the other was sure to kill.

A BOY in Vermont, on hearing that the temperance people in Boston were in such a strait to get rid of their cider, that they were paying loafers seventy-five cents per barrel for drinking it, said if his father was down there he could easily make three or four dollars a day.

"YOUR future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already

dressed for the wedding. "These are his last wishes."

"SIR," said a pompous personage, who once undertook to bully an editor, "do you know that I take your paper?" "I've no doubt you do take it," replied the man of the quill, "for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their paper being missing in the morning."

AN outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream.

"Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?"

"Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

SHERIDAN was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly crying, "Hear! hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play rogue, but only had sense enough to play fool, and exclaimed with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?"

"Hear! hear!" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amidst a general roar of laughter.

THE SELLER SOLD.—An incident recently occurred in a town on the Connecticut River, which illustrates the danger of practical joking, and served, at the time, its purpose of fun and merriment. A certain barber calling at a store, a clerk who wished to play the barber a trick, offered him a bottle of bear's oil. The latter did not want it, but being pressed, took it and paid for it. On his opening it in his shop, the oil was found to be lamp-oil, with a very rank smell. Nothing was said of the trick which the clerk had played, and the barber shaved away as usual, until the matter had been forgotten.

A few evenings since, the clerk went into the barber's shop, to be shaved preparatory to a ball. After the harvest of the chin was reaped, the clerk straightened himself up, and exclaimed, "Now slap on the oil!" A good handful was poured out, "slapped on," and rubbed in. A second handful followed, but, before it could be rubbed in, the clerk "smelt something," and leaped from the chair as if he had been shot, at the same time giving utterance to sundry expletives coming under the cognizance of the statute against profane swearing. The barber assured the enraged customer that he had put bear's oil on his head, and from the very bottle he had sold him. If it was poor oil, it was the clerk's fault. There was no resisting this and the matter was settled by refunding the money paid for the oil, and a shampooing at the clerk's expense.

The clerk went to the ball, but the rank lamp-oil struck to his hair, and the sniffs of those who came near him, showed that the barber was wicked when he shampooed him.

Moral.—Honesty is the best policy, and lamp-oil is by no means the best thing to make the course of pleasure "run smooth."

OUR PUZZLER.

73. NOVELS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

1. Gain heart—Nemo lame; 2. Send extra tin cans, E—Tiny new seal; 3. Tall crab hat on—Wish to warm H; 4. Dig tin at sea—Arm, sir, or I'm—; 5. Do sell this real drug—Beer, Mac M; 6. Want stews, try—N went easily; 7. He views Ham Hill—Ay, grant us ham; 8. O, Y shun me?—She rolls cash.

74. CHARADES.

I.
On a warm summer's day we arrived at the farm,
Where my next at the door smiling stood!
With a jug of my first; it could do no harm,
For my whole understood it was good.

II.
Active and intelligent my whole is often found—
If over zealous, sometimes puts my next upon
the ground;
But for my first we'll not complain, we could
not do without them,
Our wisest course is but to trust, our best plan's
not to doubt them.

75. CRYPTOGRAPH.

XSLMLMLSLGLMSGSLQLTLH.
"Tl xzoo z xlzxs, zm w oog z xlzxs yv xzoo'w,
Zmw oog gsv nzm dsl xzooovgs yv gsv xzooovl,
Zmw rm srh xzoornt oog srh mlgrsmt xzoo,
Yfg xlzxs, xlzxs, xlzxs! L uli z xlzxs!"

76. CHARADE.

My last and whole may oft be seen
In the calm, clear nights of June,
When the sky is bright and cloudless,
And sweetly shines the moon;

Then my first you'll hear, with mournful voice,
Singing sadly out of tune.

77. ENIGMA.

The careful farmer, could he have his will,
Every individual of my race would kill;
But others (and in this they show good sense)
M'ke me 'gainst waves and bullets, their defense;
And, what seems strange, I'm oft in close connexion
With ladies of the loveliest complexion;
The old and wrinkled, too, I patronise—
Now tell my name, if you are riddle-wise.



JUVENILE UTILITARIANISM.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, PAPA?" "TO THE CITY, MY DEAR."
 "AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO THE CITY FOR, PAPA?" "TO MAKE MONEY FOR YOU, AND MAUD, AND MAMMA, AND BABY!"
 "YOU NEEDN'T TROUBLE TO MAKE ANY MONEY FOR BABY, PAPA!" "WHY NOT, MY DEAR?"
 "HE'LL ONLY PUT IT IN HIS MOUTH!"



THE COMING RACE.

Doctor Evangeline. "BY THE BY, MR. SAWYER, ARE YOU ENGAGED TO MORROW AFTERNOON? I HAVE RATHER A TICKLISH OPERATION TO PERFORM—AN AMPUTATION, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Sawyer. "I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU."

Dr. Evangeline. "O, NO, NOT THAT! BUT WILL YOU KINDLY COME AND ADMINISTER THE CHLOROFORM FOR ME?"



THE LAST "FEATHER."

TIME—4 A.M.

Little Twister (to his Host, lighting his tenth Cigar, and having exhausted "The Spanish Crisis," "Dissolution of Parliament," and "Voyage of Challenger," &c.) "BY TH' BY, BLOKER, IT STRIKES ME THERE ARE SEVERAL POINTS IN THIS TICHBORNE CASE THAT—!!
 [All we know further is, that about this hour a short Gentleman was seen to leave a house in Gravelotter Crescent hastily, without his hat, which was thrown after him!]



THE FIRST SET AGAIN.

Lone Widow (to Literary Giant) OH, MR. SHREMPINGTON, THEY TELL ME YOU'RE SUCH A DREADFUL WICKED MAN, I'M ABSOLUTELY AFRAID OF BEING SEEN WITH YOU.



WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Ancient Lady. "LET ME DRIVE YOU, MISS SHARP. IT IS QUITE IN MY WAY, AND I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOUR WALKING HOME ALL ALONE!"
 Modern Ditto. "OH, I DON'T MIND WALKING A BIT, THANKS! BESIDES, I WANT TO SMOKE!"



IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

Country Practitioner (about to go up to London on Business). "I SHAN'T BE MORE THAN TEN DAYS AT THE FURTHEST, MR. FAWCETS. YOU'LL VISIT THE PATIENTS REGULARLY, AND TAKE CARE THAT NONE OF 'EM SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS OR GET WELL—DURING MY ABSENCE!"



REGRETS.

Lean Gormandiser. "I SAY, JACK, DO YOU RECOLLECT A CERTAIN SADDLE OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD WELSH MUTTON WE HAD AT TOM BRISKET'S ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR?"

Fat Ditto. "I SHOULD THINK I DID!" (Pause.)

Lean Gormandiser. "THAT WAS A SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"

Fat Ditto. "AH! WASN'T IT!" (Long Pause.)

Lean Gormandiser. "I OFTEN WISH I'D TAKEN ANOTHER SLICE OF THAT SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"